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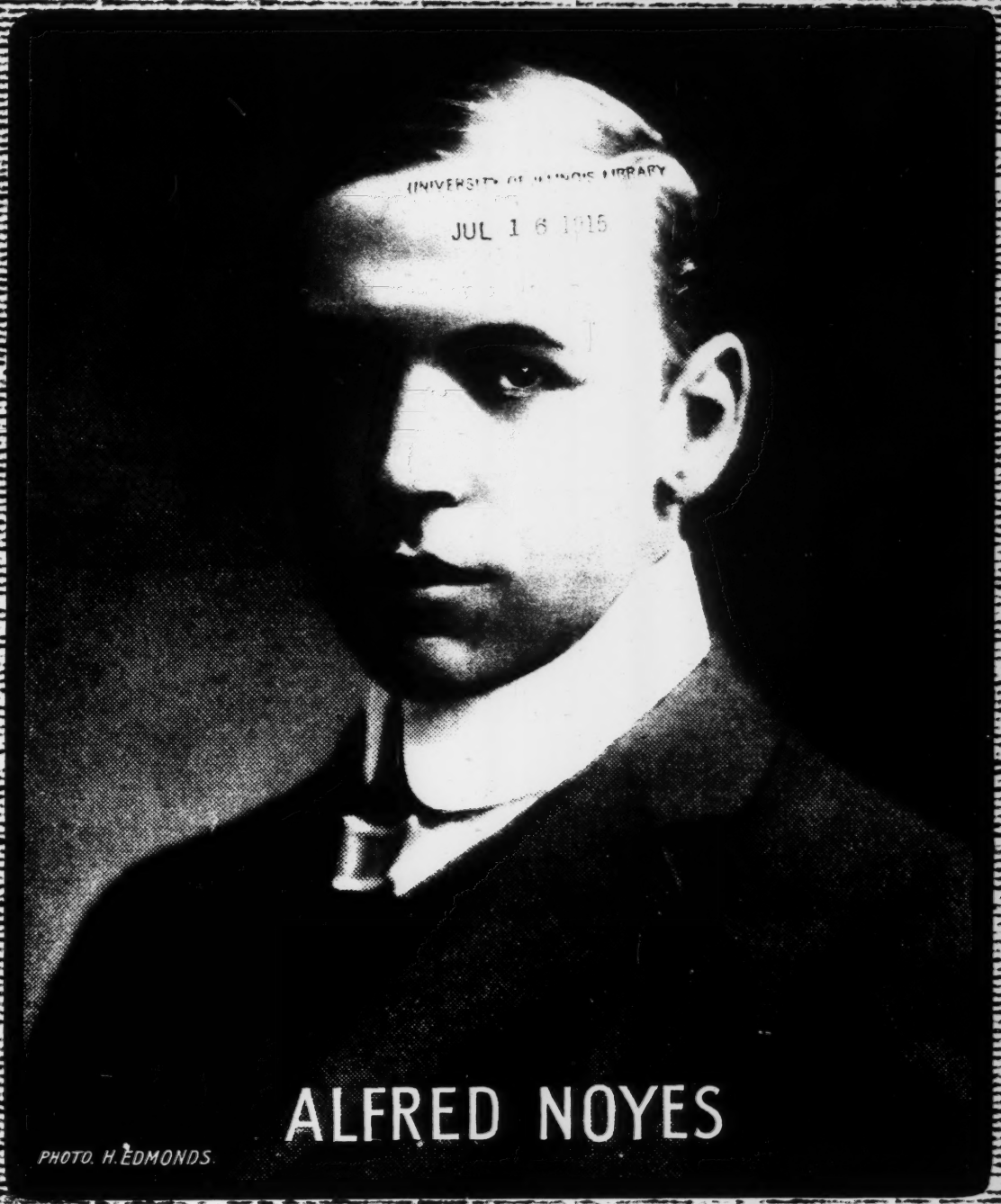

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The great sale at Christie's on behalf of the Red Cross will be followed by a Red Cross "Booksellers' Week" at the beginning of May. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have arranged to pay to the Red Cross funds twenty-five per cent. of the amount spent during that week on purchases from their list of some 1,500 new and recent books by the most popular authors of the day at prices ranging from sixpence to six guineas. Full particulars, together with a list of books, may be obtained from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

The 15th of April was the centenary of the birth of Anthony Trollope. Time that undermines so many literary reputations has, in the thirty-three years since his death, been steadily strengthening that of the author of the Barchester series of novels. He wrote too much, perhaps, and too systematically. But, if he lacked inspiration, he was a wonderful craftsman; whatever he wrote is still, at least, readable, and the best of his books give him an abiding place among the great Victorian novelists. He could always tell an interesting story, and his characters, and his pictures of the life and manners of his day are probably more generally and exactly realistic than those of any of his contemporaries, which is no light praise. We hope next month to pay adequate tribute to his memory.

"The City of the World," by Edwin Pugh—one of the best and most delightfully intimate books ever written about London—is the latest addition to Messrs. Nelson's excellent shilling series.

One of the best first novels we have read for some time is "The Voyage Out," by Virginia Woolf, which was published the other day by Messrs. Duckworth. Mrs. Woolf is, we understand, the daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas, the author of "The Voice of Peace" and other volumes of poems, will shortly make his first excursion into prose with a book entitled "The Grapes and The Thorns: Thoughts in Wartime," of which Messrs. Headley Brothers will be the publishers. The book deals with the war from a social and ethical point of view, and attempts to estimate something of the effect which the great conflict will have upon the ideal of international peace.

Mrs A. E. Taylor,
author of "Land of the Scarlet Leaf."

The four successful authors in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's One Thousand Pounds All-British Prize Novel Competition all have close associations with those parts of the Empire in which they have placed the scenes of their stories. Mrs. A. E. Taylor, who has been awarded the prize in the Canadian section, was born and spent most of her childhood and youth in a remote and picturesque part of Devonshire. After her marriage, she lived in Manchester, until her husband was appointed Professor of Philosophy at McGill University, in 1903. Thereafter, for five years she lived in Montreal, and it was whilst she was spending two of the summers of those years at a little village on the shores of Lake Memphre-Magog that some of the chief situations in her novel, "Land of the Scarlet Leaf," occurred to her. The beauty of the place—just on the border between the States and the Dominion, partly in the Eastern Townships and partly in Vermont—and the marked individuality of the people promised a picturesque setting for part of the story. She began to write the novel in Montreal, but did not get steadily to work on it until after she had returned to England in 1908, with her husband, and they were settled at St. Andrews. Her interest in the book had been revived by discussing it with a Canadian friend, Professor L. Brehaut, of Saskatchewan University, "who afterwards rendered me," she says, "great service by his very helpful criticism."

Miss Katharine Prichard, whose novel, "The Pioneers," won the prize in the Australasian section, was born at Levuka, Fiji, where her father, Mr. T. H. Prichard, a well-known Australian writer, lived for many years before the islands became a Crown Colony. He was editor of the *Fiji Times*, and during the tribal wars was an officer in the native constabulary. His wife, who was Australian born, was a daughter of the late Simon Lovat Fraser, of County Clare, Ireland. When Miss Prichard was three years old her parents left Fiji, and settled near Melbourne, and in her early days, she says, she ran wild in the country districts of Victoria and Tasmania. When she was about twelve, she won a prize for a children's story in a Melbourne weekly, *The Sun*. Later, she went to the great secondary school of which Mr. J. B. O'Hara, one of the most distinguished of Australian lyrical poets, is still principal, and she pays a grateful tribute to the influence Mr. O'Hara had on her literary studies. The year after she left school, Miss Prichard won the prize in a short story competition in Dr. Fitchett's paper, *The New Idea*, and during the next four years, whilst she was fulfilling teaching engagements in various parts of Australia, she contributed stories and sketches to that and to other Australian periodicals, including the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Melbourne Herald*. In 1908 she came to England with commissions to write articles on the Franco-British Exhibition, and on her return home was appointed editor of the women's section of the *Melbourne Herald*; and, later, resigning in consequence of ill health, she made a holiday trip to the South Seas and America; then went to London

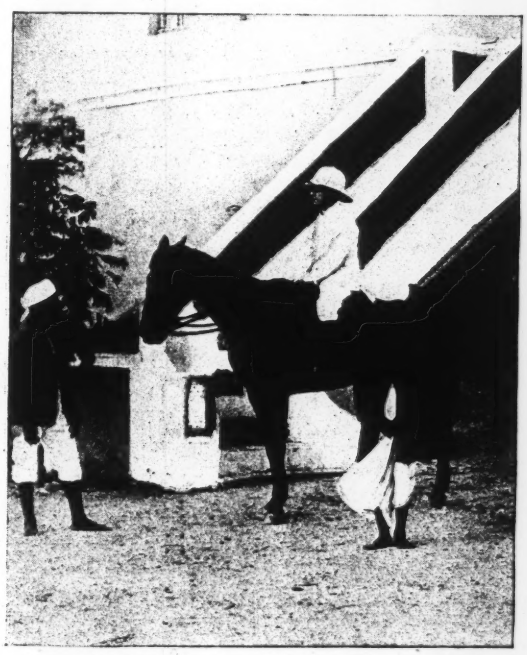
Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard,
author of "The Pioneers."

Mr. F. Horace Rose,
author of "Golden Glory."

bent on trying her fortune there as a free-lance. She met with the usual difficulties and disappointments, but it was not long before she was contributing to many of the principal London magazines and newspapers, and last year she published her first volume—a diminutive booklet called "Clovelly Verses." In 1910 a play of Miss Prichard's was produced at Melbourne, and last year the Actress's Franchise League played a curtain-raiser of hers in London.

The name of Mr. F. Horace Rose, the prize winner in the South African section, is one of the most familiar in South African literary circles. He was born at Port Alfred, Cape Colony, less than forty years ago, and has been busy with a pen since he was ten years old. He confesses to writing verse of an epic character, as a beginning, but before he was fourteen had revealed his natural bent by writing, editing, illustrating, printing and publishing several magazines—his early style being, as he says, a cyclostyle. After two years in a commercial house at Port Elizabeth, and six with a legal firm at Johannesburg, he drifted into journalism about 1902, and there cast anchor. A brilliant journalist and a most strenuous worker, he was appointed editor of *The Natal Witness* in 1903, but before taking up that post had paid his first visit to England, and recorded his impressions of our country in "An Impressionist in England," which was published in the homeland and the colonies in 1904, and met with an immediate and wide success. A second visit to England, via the East Coast of Africa, in 1911, resulted in two more travel books, "On the Edge of the East," and "A Caper on the Continent"—giving the humorous impressions of a South African in France, Switzerland and Italy—and these have already run into seven or eight editions. Indeed, no other travel books published in South Africa have enjoyed such large circulations. Mr. Rose's Prize Novel, "Golden Glory," is a tale of South African life, a blend of humour, romance and history.

Miss Alice Grant Rosman,
whose very successful first novel, "Miss Bryde of England," is published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.



Mr. S. Foskett,
author of "The Temple in the Tope."

The prize in the Indian section was awarded to Mr. S. Foskett, for a novel of Indian life, "The Temple in the Tope." Mr. Foskett has spent thirteen years in India, and during that time lived in very close touch with various classes of Hindus—particularly with the Hindus who live up country, away from the cities. Some of the leading ideas for his story were suggested to him many years ago during a month's camp which he and a friend

made in a forest in a very backward part of the country. "I was reading Abbe Dubois and Monier Williams at the time," he says, "and these, together with some traditions and customs which I learnt about the same time made a vivid impression upon my mind. Soon after, my travels through India brought me twice into contact with bands of robbers who practically stole all I had with me, on both occasions taking everything out of my tents, even down to my clothes and the rifle beneath my cot, in spite of the fact that I was a very light sleeper. Two or three times I have spent the seasons of the great festivals near some big shrine hidden away in the forest, and these experiences, with various tragedies I have seen, heard, or read of in India, tempted me to try to picture for myself and others what the cruder forms of Hinduism must have been before it came fully under the restraint that is now exercised over it."

Mr. John Palmer,
dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*. Mr. Palmer's brilliant novel, "Peter the Paragon," was published recently by Mr. Martin Secker.

Two particularly interesting books announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Burns & Oates are "Poems," by G. K. Chesterton; and "Memorials of Mgr. Benson," by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and others of his friends.

Under the title of "The World in the Crucible," Sir Gilbert Parker has written an account of the origin and the conduct of the Great War, which Mr. John Murray will publish.

"Kim," and "The Day's Work," each in two volumes, are the latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's excellent half-crown edition of Kipling's prose works ("The Service Kipling.")

Mrs. Kenneth Combe's novel, "The Chief of the Staff," published recently by Messrs. Blackwood, has achieved a distinct success. Her manuscript was delivered in June last, and the story in a most striking manner forecasts the present war. Mrs. Combe was brought up in a military atmosphere, being the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson. After her marriage with Colonel Kenneth Combe, who at one time commanded a battery in the R.H.A., she travelled extensively, and naturally continued to move much in military circles. Since her widowhood she has been associated with Colchester and the neighbourhood. Mrs. Combe is the author of two other brilliant novels: "Cecilia Kirkham's Son," and "Seekers All."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Muriel Stuart,
author of the striking dramatic poem, "Christ at Carnival," which appeared in last month's *English Review*. Miss Stuart's first book of poems will be published shortly by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Mr. W. Douglas Newton,
Assistant Editor of *T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War*, to which he has been contributing "The Undying Story," a vivid narrative of the progress of the War which is shortly to be published in book form.

"Some Contemporary Poets," a book of fifteen studies in modern English poetry, by Mary C. Sturgeon, will be published next month by Messrs. Harrap.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing early this month "The Little Man, and Other Satires," by John Galsworthy

The tenth volume of *The Dickensian*, edited by Mr. B. W. Matz and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, successfully rivals its nine predecessors as an interesting and valuable storehouse of information concerning the life and work of Dickens. There is a full account of the famous trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood; reviews of many books dealing with Dickens or his novels; admirable articles on "Dickens as a Social and Literary Force," by Edwin Pugh; "A Talk Round Drood," by Willoughby Matchett; "Charles Dickens and Christmas," by Judge J. M. Paterson; "Dear Old Mac," (otherwise Maclise) by J. W. T. Ley; "'The Antiquary,' and 'Pickwick'," by the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, etc. The accounts of the doings of the Dickens Fellowship, the Editor's monthly notes, the letters from Dickens lovers, all add to the interest and usefulness of a magazine that no student of Dickens can afford to miss.

Photo by A. R. Perry **Mr. Coulson Kernahan,**
whose "Experiences of a Recruiting Officer" is reviewed in this Number.

In no respect have the expectations of the Prussian autocracy been more utterly falsified, declared the Canadian Prime Minister at Ottawa, than in the strength of the ties which bind the Empire. How strong those ties are in the case of Canada is shown in a little book entitled "Canada and the War" which is published by Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith. The author is Mr. Walter Haydon (of the Canadian Northern Railway), whose lectures on this subject in London and elsewhere are proving remarkably popular.

Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. Hugh Walpole.**

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new book, "The Golden Scarecrow," is published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Walpole is a cousin of the Earl of Orford, and son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, but is not often to be met with in society. He prefers his cottage on a wild Cornish cliff, and there "dodges social and literary functions for the greater part of the year." He is at present away in Russia, and has been giving his impressions of that country and its people in the *Saturday Review*.

Photo by Adelphi Studios. **Mr. Walter Haydon,**
author of "Canada and the War" (Arrowsmith).

The publishing house of Charles P. Sisley, Limited, has recently removed to 35, Craven Street, Strand, and is announcing several new series of daintily-produced works, at popular prices, such as book-lovers have learned to associate with the name of Sisley.

Dr. A. S. Rappoport has written "A Short History of Poland," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing.

Mr. Denis Crane,
whose book on the emigration of children to Canada, "John Bull's Surplus Children," Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son are publishing.

Mr. Laurence Clarke, who has already made a name among magazine readers both here and in America, is the author of "A Prince of India," a clever romance that was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Three years ago Mr. Laurence Clarke, with apparent quixotism, ended a career as a successful editor, for the purpose of devoting himself to the writing of books and plays. "I knew the risks of the venture," explains Mr. Laurence Clarke, "and have never for a moment regretted my decision. Moreover, my experience as an editor gave me a fortunate insight into the idiosyncrasies of other editors!"

Amy J. Baker, the author of a very interesting novel, "The Snake Garden," which Mr. John Long has just published, is Mrs. Maynard Crawford, the wife of Major Maynard Crawford, R.A.M.C., now stationed at Aldershot. Before her marriage she lived for several years in South Africa, and makes admirable use of her South African experiences in her new story. This is Mrs. Crawford's third book. Her other two, issued by the same firm, were "I Too Have Known," and "The Impenitent Prayer," and both of them met with very gratifying success.

Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Miss Fay Middleton,**
whose new novel, "Souris" (Maunsel), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing this month a volume of poems by Mr. Trevor Blakemore. The book is to be called "The Flagship," and will be largely topical in interest. The same publisher is

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Laurence Clarke,**
whose new novel, "A Prince of India" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

issuing "Heather Ways," a book of verse by Miss Hylda C. Cole. Miss Cole's name will be familiar to many of our readers in connection with our monthly Prize Competitions.

Miss Leslie Moore, author of a charming novel, "The Jester," recently published by Messrs. Putnams, is the daughter of Colonel Moore, lately retired from the Royal Marine Artillery. Much of her childhood was spent at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth. After her father's retirement, they went to live at Bideford, in Devon; and later she lived for some time in Germany. On returning to England she studied portrait painting, first with Miss Bertha Herkomer, then at Sir Hubert Herkomer's own school of painting at Bushey. Her first

Miss Bertha N. Graham,
author of "The Royal Way," the prize play of the Lyceum Club, which is to be acted at the Haymarket Theatre on May 4th. Miss Graham is also the author of "Spoiling the Broth, and Other Plays," published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

books were two stories for children: "The Happy League," (Wells, Gardner), and "Five Children and their Adventures" (Nelson). Then she wrote two novels, "Aunt Olive in Bohemia," and "The Peacock Feather" (Alston Rivers), and has followed these with "The Jester," which bids fair to prove the most successful of her books. Though Miss Moore is fully occupied with her literary work she still finds time to paint miniatures, and was lately made a member of the Society of Miniaturists.

The following are some of the most interesting of the new War Books that have been issued in the last four weeks:

"The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer." By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Canada and the War." By Walter Haydon. An admirable account of the courage and loyalty with which Canada has undertaken her share of the burden of the Great War. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)

"More Thoughts on the War." By A. Clutton-Brock. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

Photo by Adolphus Tear.

Amy J. Baker
(Mrs. Maynard Crawford),
author of "The Snake Garden" (John Long).

Photo by G. A. Brown, Greenwich

Miss Hylda C. Cole.

Photo by Lallie Charles. **Mrs. Agnes Croysdale,**
whose play, "The Half-Sister," has just been produced at the Apollo Theatre. Mrs. Croysdale is the daughter of Mr. William Blane, the well-known South African author and journalist.

"Private Spud Tamson." By Capt. R. W. Campbell. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Kitchener's Chaps." By A. Neil Lyons. Delightfully humorous stories and sketches of life in the new Army. 1s. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Herbert Price,
whose "Poems and Sonnets" (South Africa: E. W. Welch) are reviewed in this Number.

"The Red Glutton." By Irvin S. Cobb. A vivid record of things seen with the German Army at the front. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Amateur Army." By Patrick MacGill. A realistic, first-hand narrative of the experiences of a soldier in the making. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"German Culture: Past and Present." By E. Belfort Bax. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

"What I Saw in Berlin and other European Capitals during War Time." By Piermarini. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"War, Progress, and the End of History." Three Discussions. By Vladimir Soloviev. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Paris Waits, 1914." By M. E. Clarke. Including a striking story of what was happening in Paris when the German Armies were drawing near to it last year. 5s. net. (Smith Elder.)

"Belgium." By R. C. K. Ensor. Home University Library. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

"Flags of the World. Their Story and Associations." By W. J. Gordon. 6s. net. (Warne.)

"The Story of the Hohenzollerns." By C. Sheridan Jones. 5s. net. (Jarrold).

Miss Leslie Moore.
Author of "The Jester" (Putnams).

"The War, 1914–15. A History for Boys and Girls." By Elizabeth O'Neill. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"The Second Phase of the Great War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. Graphic Extras. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white. 6s. net. (Hodder.)

"Militarism versus Feminism." 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Hymns in Time of War." Collected and edited by G. A. Leask. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)

"When Blood is their Argument." By Ford Madox Hueffer. A thoughtful and brilliant study of German history and the German character, with a masterly exposition of German kultur. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Unmaking of Europe." By P. W. Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. EVERARD COTES.

(SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.)

BESIDES being born a novelist, Mrs. Cotes brought to her work, which has always been to her a source of exquisite enjoyment, a brave spirit of adventure. Without this purpose of going out to seek what is behind the turn of the road, it is difficult to say whether or not Mrs. Cotes's many fine novels would ever have been written. She was born in the town of Brantford, Ontario, sometime in the eighteen-sixties, in the years when it would have taken almost a miracle to convince a publisher that a girl of Canadian birth could be a novelist. This publishing attitude was a real obstacle to the pursuit of letters in Canada not many years ago. Long after Mrs. Cotes had proved triumphantly that she was a novelist by right of birth and that nothing could keep her from achieving the success she deserved so well, a Canadian editor who was more favourable than most editors to aspiring Canadian writers assured a beginner that he had been told by publishers in the United States they would never accept a manuscript if they knew it had been written by a Canadian. No Canadian could write a successful novel; it was impossible for a Canadian to have the right point of view, so these publishers said. The incident is related merely to show what Mrs. Cotes had to overcome, in addition to the usual difficulties incidental to the career of a novelist. Gay, courageous, light-hearted, wearing her love of adventure in the great world like a rose, Miss Duncan set out from the little town of Brantford, impelled by her birthright, which was to see all manner of interesting places and to write tales of the characters of men and women and of what they will do, driven by their own souls and the force of circumstance.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan).

Miss Duncan was educated in Brantford. She became a teacher, like so many other clever Canadian girls, taught the most junior class of all, and during her short term as an instructor, formed the friendship of her school inspector, Mr. George W. Ross, afterwards Sir George W. Ross, and Premier of Ontario. This friendship continued as long as Mr. Ross lived. Miss Duncan had a scintillating wit. The world wore magic colours to her. Few indeed who met her who had themselves any talent failed to recognise and appreciate this eager, gifted personality, with the power to turn a dull world gay, and to reveal hidden wealth of meaning in what may have seemed commonplace incident. Writing has always been to Miss Duncan the breath of life. When she was still at school, the *Toronto Globe* accepted an essay which the youthful author had believed to be worth sending out for publication. She was still at home in Brantford when the Louisiana Exposition was held in New Orleans. A poster in the Brantford station promised alluring tropical colour, adventure, all the strangeness and romance of the far away. It was a simple matter for one who had the instinct and imagination of a writer. Miss Duncan arranged to send letters from New Orleans to a number of Canadian newspapers. Her journey south was the first beautiful foretaste of many travels and romantic happenings. Later she wrote for the *Washington Post*. One of the Washington assignments she remembers was to interview Mr. William Dean Howells, who was then a well-known author, although scarcely as famous as he is now. In some way Miss Duncan was disappointed in securing a meeting with Mr. Howells, but on her way upstairs to her room in the hotel she passed Mr. Howells' door. Outside the door was a pair of the author's boots. In a flash the journalist perceived what she could write. The day following *The Post* published an interview with Mr. Howells' boots. Evidently the great novelist did justice to the genius of the interviewer, for he sought the acquaintance of the young lady who had written the article.

In the years immediately following Miss Duncan wrote as "Garth Grafton" for the *Toronto Globe*, afterwards joining the staff of the *Montreal Star*. For *The Star* Miss Duncan wrote the Parliamentary correspondence from Ottawa for at least one session. Miss Duncan is probably the only woman journalist who has ever written from the Press Gallery at Ottawa. Among the men who were Ottawa correspondents at the same time

was Sir John Willison, now of the *Toronto News*, and Canadian correspondent of the London *Times*.

Still the call of adventure and of the novelist's genius was insistent. In 1889, in the days when the transcontinental railway was still regarded as a marvellous feat, and the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was far from being an old story, Miss Duncan and a friend set out to travel round the world. Miss Duncan wrote travel letters for the *Montreal Star*. These letters appeared as well in an English publication. Later they were revised and published in book form as "A Social Departure." This was in 1890.

The young writer had won a triumph. So fresh, so delicate, so airy, so pungent, so full of delicious humour, the book found thousands of friends and admirers. It still maintains its place as one of the best contemporary books of travel. In her later books Mrs. Cotes' style has lost some of the delightful simplicity of her early work. The study of character and of politics has grown to be absorbing. Since the publication of "A Social Departure" she has written some twenty novels. To each book she has given concentration, a fire of thought, purpose and effort, and very exceptional ability. The first fine careless rapture has been withdrawn, and in its place has risen the full light of the novelist's searching knowledge of character and motive. Mrs. Cotes is incontestably first among Canadian novelists, and is in the first rank of women novelists in English-speaking countries.

On her journey round the world she met in India Mr. Everard Cotes, then Deputy Superintendent of the Indian Museum at Calcutta, now Managing Director of the Indian News Agency, which is the associated Press of India. They were married the following year. Since that time Mrs. Cotes's home has been at Simla, in India. She, however, frequently spends a great part of the year in London, and every few years comes for a lengthy visit to Canada. There are few citizens of the British Empire who link a number of its countries together so closely as does Mrs. Cotes. Mr. and Mrs. Cotes have visited frequently Prince Rupert, which is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific on the Pacific Ocean; they are at home in Brantford and Toronto; months of the year they spend in their flat in London; and in both Calcutta and Simla they are counted as residents. This world-citizenship is reflected in Mrs. Cotes's novels. "A Social Departure" was followed by "An American Girl in London," one of the most knowledgable, sympathetic studies of the American temperament that has ever been written. Other American stories by Mrs. Cotes are "Those Delightful Americans," "A Voyage of Consolation," and "A Daughter of To-day." In this last named story the heroine is an American girl, whose desire is to win fame by creative work in London. Mrs. Cotes has written as well a remarkable series of Indian novels. Among these are: "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib"; "His Honour and a Lady"; "The Path of a Star"; and "A Burnt Offering," which is a striking study in Indian politics. Her Canadian books are "The Imperialist," full of delightful humour, and of a deep sympathetic understanding of Canadian ways and Canadian character; and "Cousin Cinderella," which is the story of a Canadian girl in London. "The Consort" is a very clever story of English society. Two of her finest books have been kept to be named at the end. "The Story of Sonny Sahib" is perhaps, her most perfect work. It is written in exquisite English, and tells the story of a little English boy in the Indian Mutiny. If Mrs. Cotes had written nothing else this little book should keep her name in remembrance. "The Other Side of the Latch" is a book written of an Indian garden, which deserves to be placed alongside "Sonny Sahib." Mrs. Cotes's latest novel, "His Royal Happiness," appeared as a serial in the *Woman at Home*, and in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. "His Royal Happiness" is an international novel. The hero belongs to the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the heroine is the daughter of an ex-President of the United States. The story has been well received by the reviewers in England and America, as well as in Canada, and promises to have an unusual success. Mrs. Cotes dramatised "His Royal Happiness" for Miss Annie Russell, and the play was given its first complete performance in Toronto during the first week of the year.

Mrs. Cotes works hard, and she works steadily, no matter in what part of the world she may be. In India, England, or Canada, her work is her close companion. It is a lesson in authorship to see the infinite pains with which she revises. No shade of meaning can be too delicately expressed. No scene can be worked out too carefully. "Finish" is the lesson and example which she gives to those who would follow the craft of writing.

Mrs. Cotes is of pure British stock. Her father, Mr. Charles Duncan, who was for many years a leading merchant in Brantford, was a Scotsman. The attachment which existed between the Scottish-Canadian merchant and his daughter who was a novelist, was very strong. When Mr. Duncan first came to Canada he stayed for a short time in New Brunswick, and there met and married his wife, who was a native Canadian, daughter of an Irishman. Naturally, Mrs. Cotes's own country people are proud of this gifted Canadian woman. She set out on her brave adventure to conquer the world, and she has succeeded. As an artist she has high rank, and she has an undiminishing love for her native country and a firm belief in its great destiny. Canadians are strongly bound to Mrs. Cotes because she has proved that a Canadian girl, born in an Ontario town, may have the gift, the spirit of adventure, and the indomitable perseverance necessary to become a novelist of wide reputation, whose work is as craftsmanlike and as finely artistic as if she had been born in any country of old traditions.

MARJORY MACMURCHY

THE READER.

ALFRED NOYES.

By Gilbert Thomas.

THERE is a task which I am reserving for a leisured old age. It is the compilation of a new "Who's Who," dealing not, indeed, with such men as brewers and usurers, who are pretty well served by the existing annual, but rather with such men as musicians and poets, whose careers should, I feel, be outlined with some degree of imagination, and therefore of truth. For instance, did I not know Mr. Alfred Noyes, it would tell me very little that was important about him to read, as you may, in "Who's Who," that he was born in Staffordshire in 1880; that he was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; that his recreation is rowing; and so on. The true facts are, of course, that Mr. Noyes was born—I have not the remotest idea when; nor, probably, has the poet himself—in the Forest of Wild Thyme; he was educated in Old Japan—which you will not see on the map, but of which you may catch stray hints on old blue plates and such-like; his recreations are hunting with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest and sailing beyond the sunset in quest of El Dorado; and his postal address (though I fancy that it may soon be changed) is "Care of Oberon."

The cantankerous will argue that you cannot send messages to Fairyland through the Post Office; but they are quite wrong, and they evidently do not belong to that very great army of Mr. Noyes's readers which has grown up not only in England, but in America, where the poet has also acquired much fame, and received much honour, as a lecturer. For Mr. Noyes is one of those happy men who have made the simple discovery that Fairyland is wide enough to embrace postmen, barrel-organs, East-End coffee-stalls, smelting-furnaces, and newspaper boys—yes, and wide enough, too, to include the wayside church and the stable of Bethlehem. It is probable that most people save some dim belief in Fairyland from the wreck, the disillusion of the years; but too often it is but a very dim belief indeed in a nebulous "Never Never Land" of the imagination. Mr. Noyes has retained, however, the full faith of childhood; the "shades of the prison-house" have not closed upon him, and heaven still lies about him in this dull, material world. The learned have sometimes contested—though, as his work advances, this criticism grows less and less true—that Mr. Noyes is not a "thoughtful" poet; that, while he has brought infinite originality to the presentation of old ideas, his work yields little evidence of any new reading of life, of any individual, constructive philosophy. And the reason is that, until recently at any rate, he has felt little need for such a philosophy. For him God is still obvious in all things; wonder whispers from every hedgerow, and cries out from the very stones of the city.

"The world is all a fairy tale—but oh, the tale is true!"

The Universe is not a chaos that needs explaining, but a delightful place in which to make one's self happy. For questionings and doubts he has no sort of use; of too much analysis, whether intellectual or scientific, he is a little impatient.

"We have named the stars, and weighed the moon,
Counted our gains—and lost the boon,"

is the burden of much of his work. He does not care in the very least degree what the moon may weigh; it is enough for him that "the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas." For him the stars are still the lamps of heaven, "the lights of home." He has not yet forgotten that lesson of childhood: that if you would increase your kingdom, you must diminish yourself, and bow humbly to the earth. He can still dwarf himself till the wild thyme upon the rolling Sussex Downs, which are his home, towers above him like a gigantic forest; so that the grass becomes a jungle through which the creeping snail looms like a sort of crocodile sixty feet in length, and the beetle becomes a hippopotamus. He can still become a "midget-child," so tiny that he can "push back the soft petallic door"; enter "the splendid crimson porch" of the smallest of the flowers, and discover within its "carven walls," with their majestic cornices and coronals, all the hidden secrets of the world. For him God is still in His heaven; "the clouds proclaim their Charioteer, the hills demand His higher throne." And when the day wears down to eventide, and the labourers turn

Photo by H. Edmonds, Hull. **Alfred Noyes**

homeward, is it not something more than the wind that whispers to a tired world?

"For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander thro' the heather,
Rustle all the meadow grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the garden that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His garden, thro' His garden, it is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but oh, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill."

The poet has nothing in common with the wise men of this world who, with their plausible theories and pompous formulæ, would deny the miraculous and the supernatural, who would explain all the mysteries of heaven and earth on their eight fingers, and argue hell away on their two thumbs—though when the prodigal is ready to return from the husks of unbelief and revolt to his old faith, his home-coming could not be more tenderly celebrated than it is in "The Old Sceptic," with its haunting final stanzas:

"I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the kind old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

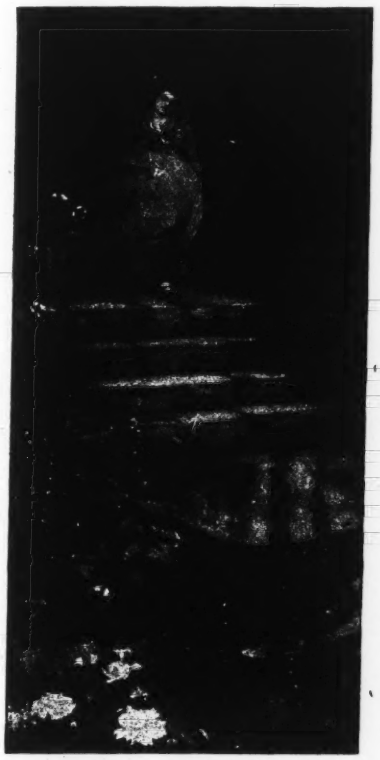
And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see once more the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the simple prayers that I learnt at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the listening sea."

Those "deep old foolish prayers"! Those "deep old foolish tales"! They are the essence of Mr. Noyes's poetry. It is a beautiful faith, and to its presentation the poet has brought a wonderful wealth of new music. No writer of our time has introduced so many interesting metrical experiments, or displayed such perfect technical skill. He is like a musician in deft command of a fully-equipped organ—which does not lack that stop of humour which has been wanting in the instruments upon which some of the greatest poets have played. There is rollicking fun, as well as fantasy, in "Forty Singing Seamen" and "The Tramp Transfigured"; and in the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" we can veritably hear the timbers of the old inn shake with laughter as Marlowe, Drayton, Dekker, Beaumont, Raleigh and the rest of that immortal fellowship tell their stories and sing their songs, whilst the voice of Bacon interposes now and then with its ponderous pedantry, only to be drowned by the gruff calls of Ben Jonson for Malmsey and Muscadel. Mr. Noyes's humour and his music, with its irresistible lilts and cadences, have, probably, done much to win for him what is in these times an astonishing popularity. Yet I believe that, in the first place, the reason for that popularity is to be sought in the poet's radiant and childlike optimism, his essential healthiness, his simple and spontaneous faith—qualities that have been so singularly lacking in much of the verse of recent years, which has tended more and more towards formlessness, violence, and the insane worship of the merely unconventional. The welcome extended to Mr. Noyes's work is evidence, surely, of the fact that the normal reader does, after all, appreciate that natural beauty and gaiety and pathos, that straightforward manly vigour and sincerity, and that generous optimism which are characteristic alike of the poet as a writer and as a man. In passing, it may be recalled that Mr. R. C. Lehmann, while reviewing for *The Speaker*, was the first critic to appreciate fully the promise of Mr. Noyes's earliest book "The Loom of Years"; and it was he who introduced Mr. Noyes to the editor of *Blackwood*. The poet was at once given the hospitality of its pages, in which much of his work has since made its original appearance. In speaking of Mr. Noyes's well-deserved success, it would be ungracious to omit a tribute to the assistance rendered both by the famous *Punch* contributor and by Messrs. Blackwood, who have steadily piloted his books into the full flood of popularity.

"Take me with you, Sawara, Over the sea," she said.
From "A Tale of Old Japan" by Alfred Noyes (Blackwood).

But an easy optimism does not, of course, always imply a warm sympathy with one's fellow-kind. The optimist is liable sometimes to be a self-contained man; he is not greatly reliant upon the sympathy of others, and consequently he is less ready to extend his own sympathy to them. Warm, human sympathy, however, has always characterised the work of Mr. Noyes—though, as you go through the two large volumes of his *Collected Poems*, from "The Flower of Old Japan," with its snug nursery atmosphere, and "The Forest of Wild Thyme," which has been so delightfully illustrated by Mr. Claude



Surely, he thought, I have painted Nothing so fair as this.
From "A Tale of Old Japan," by Alfred Noyes (Blackwood).

Shepperson; through the full length epic on "Drake," the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," and the hundred odd lyrics on widely varied themes, you will see that his sympathy has not always been so highly developed as it has latterly become. In his earlier work, the poet's attitude towards the busy and the suffering multitude somewhat resembles that of a boy who pities the "grown-ups," because they cannot or will not enter into his play. What a good time they are missing! He goes out, as it were, on to the Downs; the air is full of the morning; the wild thyme whispers its shy mysteries, and the foam-flecked sea, as it breaks at the foot of the cliffs, murmurs of Drake and the heroes of old romance. But from the distant town, with its dingy roofs, there comes that plume of smoke which tells of the unhappy crowds who might be enjoying themselves so much more fully if only they could leave their dull occupations and come out and search with him in the forest of thyme for the lost Peterkin, or join with him in a game of pirates! Why will they not come? At first, he thinks naturally in terms of Fairyland. What is wrong with the world is that the cow has got into the meadow, and the sheep into the corn; and so he bids Little Boy Blue sound another blast:

"Little Boy Blue, if the child heart knows,
Sound but a note as a little one may;
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away.
Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!"

Sound but a note! Alas, the note is sounded, but the fairy call is lost in the noise of the forging-hammer and the machine gun, and the smoke grows denser along the horizon of the Downs. And, while he does not doubt the truth of his own vision, the poet wonders for a time if it can survive in a world where there are so few to share it; and, rather than lose the vision, he would follow it beyond the gates of death:

"Thou'rt flown too soon! I stretch my hands out still,
O Light of Life, to Thee,
Who leav'st an Olivet in each far blue hill,
A sorrow on every sea.
It is too soon amid the cynic sneers,
The sophist smiles, the greedy mouths and hands,
Quite to forget the light of those dead years
And my lost mountain lands.
. . .
It is too soon for me to break that trust,
O Light of Light, flown far past sun and moon,
Burn back thro' this dark panoply of dust,
Or let me follow soon."

Hope returns, however; and with it there comes the deeper, fuller vision; the more vital human sympathy. His later poetry has become less and less purely romantic; less and less purely idealistic and pictorial than it is, for instance, in "The Mermaid Tavern" and "Drake"; and it has grown more and more interpretive. There has come into his work the realisation that only by slow and patient degrees can the desert be made to blossom with the rose. And while the prophet must continually climb the mount of vision, and fill his soul with the distant, the perfect landscape of the future, he can only live worthily of that vision in so far as he not only describes it, but also applies it to the needs of the present; in so far as he not only realises and hymns the things that are eternal, but interprets his own time in terms of them. Interpreted thus, the smoky town, so ugly in itself, assumes a beauty that would seem almost more perfect than perfection itself; and, as he moves among the puddling-furnaces and the slag heaps of the Black Country, the poet can sing of

Rose-white temple nigh the bay, Hush! for Kimi comes to pray.
From "A Tale of Old Japan," by Alfred Noyes (Blackwood).

"... a majesty
Beyond all majesties of earth and air;
Beauty beyond all beauty, as of a child
In rags, upraised thro' the still gold of heaven,
With wasted arms and hungering eyes, to bring
The armoured seraphim down upon their knees
And teach eternal God humility;
The solemn beauty of the unfulfilled,
Moving towards fulfilment on a height
Beyond all heights; the dreadful beauty of hope;
The naked wrestler, struggling from the rock
Under the sculptor's chisel; the rough mass
Of clay more glorious for the poor blind face
And bosom that half emerge into the light,
More glorious and august, even in defeat,
Than that too cold dominion God foreswore
To bear this passionate universal load,
This Calvary of Creation with mankind."

A brief quotation from a long poem is, however, unjust. "Enceladus" should be read carefully in its entirety. It is full of an individual and rich interpretation of modern industrial life, and is one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most promising, of the author's works.

But perhaps the greatest promise for Mr. Noyes's future as the interpreter of the conditions and the aspirations of his own time is to be found in his poems dealing with the questions of war and peace. "The Wine-Press" is a book tensely vivid in its descriptions of the recent Balkan War; and not only does it contain also passages of restrained, yet heartbreaking, tenderness, but it breathes a spirit of white-hot moral indignation, well tempered by reason, against the makers of war who prostitute the people's patriotism to their own ends. This same spirit animates the little play "Rada," which deals with the sorrows of Belgium, and many of the author's shorter poems, such as the fantastic "Lucifer's Feast," "The Dawn of Peace," and the Prelude to "The Wine-Press," the last of which centres round that crowning tragedy of war—the blind, passionate belief of each people in the righteousness of its own cause and in its own claims to a monopoly of Divine aid. But it is not enough that the pacifist should have a moral indignation against war, though that is good; and Mr. Noyes has this greater qualification, which manifests itself in all that he has written on the subject: he realises that Peace implies not the mere abstinence from war, but the substitution of new wars for old. Thus he addresses himself to "those who believe that Peace is the corrupter of nations":

"Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Over us burns a star,
Bright, beautiful, red for strife!
Yours are only the drum and the fife
And the golden braid and the surface of life.
Ours is the white-hot war.

Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Ours are the weapons of men.
Time changes the face of the world.
Your swords are rust! Your flags are furled,
And ours are the unseen legions hurled
Up to the heights again.

Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Is there no wrong to right,
Wrong crying to God on high?
Here where the weak and the helpless die,
And the homeless hordes of the City go by,
The ranks are rallied to-night."

Such is the spirit of that Peace which can alone destroy militarism and war, and lay the foundations of a saner and a purer world. There may be "worse things than war"; but the real case against war is that it makes those worse things ten times worse; it ruthlessly puts back the clock of social progress; it calls a long truce in the more vital, the more necessary, the more holy warfare—the moral warfare that must centre around the crying evils within each nation's life. Sooner or later, the blind fury of Europe will have spent itself, and we shall have, slowly and patiently, to enter upon its reconstruction. As we peer into the future, and realise with increasing vividness the enormity of the task, we may well ask, with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Well, the leaders will have to be many, and diverse must be their gifts; but, among the poets, I think there is none to whom one may look with more confidence than to Mr. Alfred Noyes.

THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THOSE who remember Sir Sidney Colvin's delightful edition of Keats' letters and his admirable biography in the English Men of Letters series, and who know how assiduously he has studied and collated the manuscripts and the numerous existing transcripts of the poet's work, will rejoice that he has at last found leisure to prepare a complete edition of the poems. In comeliness of presentment and convenience of handling this edition has no rival. It is printed in a beautiful type; the paper and the setting of the page are alike excellent. There is no small print to weary the eye, and yet the two volumes are handy, light, compact, and, unlike so many luxurious editions, of a very reasonable price. To present the poet's work in a form worthy of its beauty has been one of the editor's aims; the other has been to arrange the poems, as far as is possible, in the order in which they were written. Lord Houghton attempted, as long ago as 1876, a chronological arrangement; but he did not give the actual date of each poem, and, as the present editor points out, he failed to make really accurate use of the material then available; and in the intervening years much has come to light in the shape of additional data, as well as newly-discovered poems, some of which were published by Sir Sidney Colvin himself only the other day. One notable error of Lord Houghton's was the placing of the "Fall of Hyperion" before the "Hyperion" published in the poet's lifetime, as a "first version," though it is really a most interesting attempt to recast that splendid fragment in a new style. But whatever the shortcomings of his edition all lovers of Keats must be for ever grateful to Lord Houghton for his zeal in building up the poet's fame. The chronological arrangement is not one that will please all readers. Some will be jarred to find comparatively worthless pieces sandwiched between familiar masterpieces. But Keats, we think, bears the test better than would be expected. And the editor has not been quite inflexible in his rule; he has banished to an appendix a number of "jocular and trivial" pieces, scraps of verse which Keats dashed off in his letters and no doubt never intended for publication. It is difficult, as Sir Sidney Colvin says, to draw the line, for so much

* "The Poems of John Keats." Arranged in Chronological Order, with a Preface, by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. 15s. net. (The Florence Press: Chatto & Windus.)

that Keats wrote is mixed in quality. "Endymion" itself is typical in its mixture of crude stuff and magical poetry. In any case, for those who are at all initiate, the plan of the present edition is one of singular interest. We watch the growth of the poet's mind through the full, brief years of his activity; we see, and marvel at, the astonishing richness which overflows in verse, various indeed in quality but, as a whole, dazzling in its splendour. Not so precocious as many another poet, Keats was in his twentieth year when he wrote the "Sonnet on First Looking into Chapman's 'Homer,'" the first piece which unmistakably announced his genius. The next year produced a batch of sonnets of uneven merit, the best of them being the one we have been accustomed to see entitled "On a Picture of Leander" but which we find here called (no doubt with due authority) "On an Engraved Gem of Leander"; but the winter of this 1816–17 saw the completion of "I Stood Tip-toe," with its delightfully fresh and intimate descriptions of nature, and the beautiful "Sleep and Poetry," the germ of "Endymion," which occupied Keats from April to December of 1817. Then, after a number of sonnets and occasional lyrics, including the group written on the tour in Scotland, and showing a continual growth in depth of thought, seriousness of emotion, and power of expression, comes the wonderful year from the autumn of 1818 to the autumn of 1819. It takes the breath away, when one is familiar with the poems, with their close texture of gorgeous language and inspired imagery, to realise what these few months brought forth: "Hyperion," "Fancy," the "Eve of St. Agnes," the "Eve of St. Mark,"

John Keats.

the six famous odes, "Lamia," and the poet's one peerless lyric "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," not to mention some of the finest of the sonnets and the two essays in drama. At the very same time Shelley, in Italy, was writing "Prometheus," "The Cenci," the "Ode to the West Wind," and other exquisite lyrics; but Keats had not the airy rushing eloquence which was natural to Shelley's genius; his verse is closer-packed, of more substantial form, and though both alike astound us by the height of creative emotion which they could maintain so splendidly, the younger poet's cluster of masterpieces seems the greater wonder.

Our only complaint as regards this edition is that Sir Sidney Colvin does not tell us a little about the grounds for the dating of certain of the pieces; and one would like to know, for instance, about the "engraved gem" which inspired the Leander sonnet. The edition is planned, it is true, "for lovers of beautiful poetry beautifully printed"; but its arrangement makes it specially interesting for students of the poet, for whom Sir Sidney Colvin out of his intimate knowledge could have made a fascinating essay on the material now available. But no doubt to have once embarked on a discussion of the kind would have swelled the volumes greatly; and, though a little tantalised, we must content ourselves with admiring the editor's rare self-restraint. The poems are all assigned to a date as definite and exact as possible, sometimes to the month and the day. We have, at any rate, the ripe and considered results of fine scholarship, and in a form which is a delight to contemplate.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original rhymed line that shall fittingly precede or follow Young's famous line: "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Quartermaster-Sergeant John J. Gurnett, of New Ranges, Shoeburyness, Essex, for the following:

TO THE FUTURE

Pulsing quickly, throbbing hotly, through a tender little form
Flows a current, runs a life stream, stirring muscles soft and warm;
When a score of suns shall circle, when my days of deed are done.

Will you turn and ask me questions, with your mother's eyes, my son?
Will you count the life she gave you little worth its grievous pains,
When a thousand hungers calling clamour madly in your veins;
When few friendly hands are offered, and around your youthful feet
Swarm a city's myriad vampires, spreading poisons, subtle, sweet;
When you see the rival priesthoods striving tooth and nail for gold;
When you see the people's leaders ready to be bought and sold;
When the rich man's wretched offspring scorn you in the world's high road,
And his women scan you idly, as a bearer of their load?
Then I pray that God shall send you of His mercy, in your need,
Some one dead or some one living, some one brave and Mammon-freed;
Touch your eyes to vision open, swing your choice to royal things,
That you see the mighty armies led by prophets, not by kings,
Knees that have not bowed to Mammon, lives that know but Love as King,
Souls above all fate or fortune, hearts that purest incense bring,
And that priesthood, sacred, holy, incense offer not in vain,
Round the struggling world it rises, in an endless circling chain;
And the gods the false priests know not, to the altars white descend
Brooding in eternal blessing, where true friend clasps hand with friend.
Friend clasps friend, and so I leave you, tiny hand entwined in mine,
Though the far-off years bereave you, Love is deathless in His shrine.

JOHN J. GURNETT.

We also select for printing:

MEMORIES.

I.

Thou wert to me, all things that lovely are,
The deep blue of the dusk: the first pale star,
The tenderness of twilight, and the scent
That comes from sleeping flowers, when day is spent.

II.

When the still night, her cloak of hyacinth blue
Has donned, then all my thoughts fly swift to you,
White birds of longing, bearing on their wings
The deathless memory of happier things.

III.

I think of thee, whene'er the birds' songs pierce
The clear, spring air, and rouse a joy so fierce,
So full of longing, that it melts to pain,
For all the days that come not back again.

IV.

. . . I seek the Treasure-house of Memory,
Deep Love and Longing open it for me,
. . . Forgotten then the failures and the fears,
Peace folds her wings around the troubled years.

(Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson, Branksome, Middlesbrough.)

COPPER-HEAD.

Copper-head, copper-head, running up the lane,
The sun has tangled in your hair and gilded it again;
He tried to struggle free once more with many twists and twirls,
But lest you should forget him left a shock of burnished curls.

Copper-head, copper-head, you flirted with the sky,
I see the turquoise looking out each time I meet your eye;
Nor was the day sufficient, for whence came that diamond light?
Till now set in a starry crown above the velvet night?

Copper-head, copper-head, the wind is in your feet,
No nymph outwitting gods of old was ever half so fleet,
No dancing spirit in the spring but steps to second place
When once she spies the carnival that riots in your face.

Copper-head, the joy of youth trembles in your voice,
All the folly, all the tears, to make a world rejoice;
And when you laugh a silver bell rings out in faerieland—
I wish I were a child again, that I might understand.

(M. P. Noel, 33, Redcliffe Square, S.W.)

PATRIOTS.

The earth was thirsty—it fain would drink;
A patriot watered it well with ink,
For he was a critical, cautious man
With many a sure and certain plan;
But out of the sodden, blackened mud
Came never a leaf nor blade nor bud.

The earth was thirsty—the drought of years;
A patriot watered it well with tears,
A good man he, with a tender heart,
Who knew not war was a needful part;
But never a single flower grew
Save rosemary sad and grieving rue.

The earth was thirsty—it craved a flood;
A patriot watered it well with blood,
The blood of valorous, clear-eyed youth,
Who died for honour and flag and truth;
And laurel sprang from the crimsoned sod
And lilies of peace grew up to God.

(McLandburgh Wilson, 411, West 145th Street, New York City, U.S.A.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty lyrics sent in by Mrs. Fortescue (Southwold), David Conrad (Canning Town), Marian Hewitt (Ipswich), C. Eric Sneddon (Ilkeston), Mrs. E. L. Mosse (Birmingham), M. E. Painter (Cheltenham), Thomas Monet (Prestwich), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), A. L. Little (Glasgow), R. H. W. Case (Croydon), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), George Savile (Brockley), Christine Chandler (London, W.), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Lesbia Thanet (Leeds), F. M. Latham (Bowdon), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester, for the following:

THROAT AND EAR TROUBLES. (Macleod Yearsley.)
"I argued each case with my wife."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

We also select for printing:

THE GREAT AGE. BY J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson.)
"Her years—old Parr's were nothing to them,
And a chicken to her was Methusalem."
C. LAMB, *Satan in Search of a Wife.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE ONE OUTSIDE. BY MARY FITZPATRICK. (Maunsell & Co.)
"Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow."
TENNYSON, *St. Simeon Stylites.*

(Ethel M. Odell, 72, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.)

THE MYSTERY IN THE DROOD FAMILY.
BY MONTAGU SAUNDERS. (Cambridge University Press.)
"He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him."
W. S. GILBERT, *Sir Macklin* (*Bab Ballads.*)

(Sydney Jeffery, 104, Manchester Road, Warrington.)

THE GREAT AGE. BY J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson.)
"His Ma was nearly ninety-two."
W. S. GILBERT, *Thomas Winterbottom Hance.*

(Miss Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

KITCHENER'S CHAPS. BY A. NEIL LYONS. (Lane.)
"The cynosure of every eye."
J. K. STEPHEN, *Lapsus Calami.*

(Cyril W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

THE HUNS IN OUR HINTERLAND. BY J. K. O'CONNOR. (Maskew Miller.)
"'You'd best be getting home,' he said."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno.*

(R. H. W. Case, 44, Kidderminster Road, Croydon.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the most apt and amusing combinations of book titles is awarded to Miss Ethel M. Odell, of 72, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, for the following:

"Running Water"—"By Order of the King."
"Captain Kettle"—"Brother-in-Law to Potts."
"Marriage a La Mode"—"For Cash Only."

We also select for printing:

"Pan's Garden"—"The Daffodil Fields."
"The Stooping Lady"—"The Charwoman's Daughter."
"Children of the Ghetto"—"Potash and Perlmutter."

(S. W. Johns, 33, Arcadian Gardens, Bowes Park, N.)

"The German Fleet"—"Come and Find Me."
"The Way of the Red Cross"—"Sinister Street."
"The Open Question"—"How to be Happy Though Married."

(M. F. MacArthur, Graffham Cottage, Selsey-on-Sea.)

"The Silent Woman"—"A Wife Worth Winning."
"Kipps"—"The Amateur Gentleman."
"A Woman's Whim"—"The Last Sentence."

(Mary Earle, 34, Westbourne Road, Birkdale, Lancs.)

"The Rake's Progress"—"Tillers of the Soil."
"The White Company"—"When Ghost Meets Ghost."
"The Happy Medium"—"Carnacki the Ghost-Finder."

(George Duncan Grey, 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare.)

From amongst the very large number of other good replies received we specially commend those by Alex R. Horne (Aberdeen), M. J. Dobie (Chester), May Honor Wylde Kew (Ashton-upon-Mersey), Miss J. Shaw (Harrogate), Miss P. P. Battle (Forest Gate), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), S. J. Willcox (Birkdale), M. Kennedy (New Barnet), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Ada M. Hanson (London, E.), H. Leonard (Skipton), C. G. W. Murphy (Snaresbrook), Mary C. Jobson (Corbridge-on-Tyne), Thos. W. Thompson (Heckmondwike), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), H. Spencer Toy (Harrogate), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington), M. Hughes (Reading), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings).

Keats on his Death-bed.
Painted by Severn, 1821.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than a hundred words, of any recent book is awarded to Mr. Malcolm Humphrey, Avenue End, North Camp, Aldershot, for the following:

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS. By Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann.)

This is a powerful, grim story of the weary toil and endless drudgery of lowly countryfolk in Sussex. Little brightness pierces the darkness of their grinding lives, into which happiness and love scarcely enter, and religion comes not at all. The book is unrelieved by any ray of humour, save what is bitter and ironic. Chrismas Hamlyn, the heroine, has a transient lover in her girlhood, whom she meets again after long years of labour when she is a lonely woman of middle age. In him she ultimately finds "what a woman wants"—love.

We also select for printing:

MIDDLE LIFE. By SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE. (Holden & Hardingham.)

There is something very charming about the self revelations of Anna Marie, the heroine of this simply planned book. It is a study of middle-age and youth, truth and falsehood, with a wholesomeness that ensures the continuous interest of the reader. The descriptions of Swiss scenery are very fine, and there are so many aphoristic passages that marking them would result in a much variegated page. The characters are well contrasted without a hint of extravagance, and the volume is one that leaves a lasting impression on the mind.

(Miss Jackson, 83, Walker Gate, Beverley, E. Yorks.)

BILLIE'S MOTHER. By MARY J. SKRINE. (Arnold.)

"Billie's Mother" is an interesting study of the peasant mind—Ruth's faithful obstinacy is admirably portrayed, though her motives for action are not always clear. Mrs. Skrine's thought evidently outstrips her pen, and many passages in the book are somewhat obscure. Tarrant, moreover, is a rather inconsistent character. With brains and ability, it seems unlikely that so unscrupulous a scoundrel should remain faithful to an ignorant and unlettered girl: further, we must quarrel with the adjective "sensitive," so frequently applied to him, and surely so ill-merited! The plot of the book is uncommon, and has a strong vitality.

(C. L. Payne, 20, Vernon Road, Edgbaston.)

PELLE THE CONQUEROR: APPRENTICESHIP. By M. A. NEXO. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A double interest attaches to the publication of this work. Its appearance serves to remind us that a national literature of great value may arise from a small nation—this novel is by a Danish author—and may constitute one among many arguments for the preservation of such states. The merit of this volume lies in the characterisation and the foundation of knowledge. Pelle, deserting his farm home for the little seaport town, his apprenticeship to the cobbler, the brutal old master Kofod, the sickly and kindly young one, Pelle's progress through bullying and baiting to the end of his apprenticeship, with the back-ground of working-class life—all bespeak alike excellent craftsmanship, first-hand experience, and a love of mankind which hold the reader closely throughout.

(H. Hindle, 3, Brookfield Avenue, Leeds.)

ARUNDEL. By E. F. BENSON. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Benson's gift of "holding" the mirror up to nature must assuredly make him an undesirable acquaintance. Throughout this study of commonplace people and the commonplace happenings of the pretty village not many miles from the Metropolis we are conscious of the twinkle in his eye, as he exercises his talent to the utmost and with uncanny intuition reveals the weaknesses, idiosyncrasies and unsuspected nobilities of human nature. In this essentially comfortable "Villa-dom" of well-ordered lives and narrow views he is in his element. The book is full of humour—of a wit that is never cynical or unkind.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF PORTUGAL. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The House of Portugal lends itself to biography for it has passed through every vicissitude of which a house is capable—be it that of king or commoner. Mr. Gribble is astonishingly frank in regard to its history, sparing neither the living nor the dead, but this needless to say does not lessen the interest of the book. It is a wondrous web, woven of romance, crime, adventure and scandal. The fact is forgotten nowadays, but Portugal is one of Britain's oldest allies, and more than once played an important part in European drama. The book is worth reading.

(Mrs. Sybilla Stirling, Fordel, Glenfarg.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Nancy Littlejohn (address wanted), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), Marie Russell (Glasgow), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), H. Leonard (Skipton), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), James A. Richards (Tenby), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Donald Leitch (Glasgow), E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), V. Huish (Derby), G. B. (Boston, U.S.A.), T. D. Johnson (Hampstead), W. Barclay (Birmingham), J. MacBride (Edinburgh).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. F. J. Overton, Selborne, Tudor Hill, Sutton Coldfield.

New Books.

THE ST. HELENA EXILE.*

With the publication of the present work, Mr. Norwood Young worthily concludes with credit to himself and satisfaction to his readers his labours on a subject of never-failing interest and fascination, namely, the career of that great man, Napoleon, who for so long kept the world in awe. His first essay was "The Growth of Napoleon," published in 1910, followed twelve months ago by an account of the fallen conqueror's first exile, in Elba, and escape therefrom only to end in disaster at Waterloo at the conclusion of the hundred days' war. This latter work was appropriately published on March 31st, the date marking the entry of the Allies into Paris, one hundred years previously. Similarly its author's latest study synchronized with the centenary of Napoleon's re-entry on French soil, following his daring escape from Elba, an episode which formed the most thrillingly exciting incident of those related in Mr. Norwood Young's book. There is nothing comparable to that incident in the present book, a considerable portion of which is concerned with the intrigues of Napoleon and his followers, and also of those Englishmen, more or less intimately connected with the prisoners, whose loyalty towards that greatly-harassed man, the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, ought to have been freely and unstintedly recorded. Napoleon, great man though he was, proved less than great in his adversity. He was the last man in the world to wear in his bonds a cheerful brow; to comfort himself in the manner Wordsworth counselled his hero, Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if Napoleon found it difficult to enact his rôle with dignity, so too, was it equally difficult for his custodian to perform his part consistently with his duty primarily to his country and secondarily to Europe, and with due consideration for his illustrious prisoner. The peace of the world depended on the efficient carrying out of his obligations. There was to be no repetition of Neil Campbell's failure when in charge at Elba. It is greatly to be doubted if even the suave Sir Pulteney Malcolm would or could have reconciled Napoleon with his lot if he had himself been installed in supreme control in place of Sir Hudson Lowe. Of those who should have been the loyal supporters of the Governor the chief misdemeanant was undoubtedly O'Meara, naval surgeon and Napoleon's resident medical adviser, whose "Voice from St. Helena," published after his well-merited dismissal has been for too long the main source of the gross traducement of an honourable man whose sole wish was conscientiously to perform his duty without any side-glance at his own self-advancement or glory. And it may justly be said that on the whole Lowe accomplished his responsible and weighty task honourably and efficiently, and with due regard for the feelings of fallen greatness.

Napoleon arrived at St. Helena on October 15th, 1815, after a voyage of sixty-nine days—not sixty-four, as Mr. Norwood Young states—and died on May 7th, 1821, not from hepatitis, as was so persistently stated by interested persons during his sojourn in the island, but from cancer of the stomach. The Governor landed on April 14th, 1816, but during the whole time of his custodianship he rarely saw Napoleon, the last visit being on August 18th, of the same year. Previously, just over a month from Lowe's arrival, there was an interview which proved how impossible an individual Napoleon could be in promoting pleasant relationship. It is, moreover, a typical instance of the treatment to which the Governor was subjected:

"Napoleon afterwards told Las Cases that he received Lowe 'with a stormy expression, his head lowered, and his eye glaring.' Finding that Napoleon declined to speak, and merely continued to look ferocious, Lowe was constrained to begin. He said that the materials had arrived from England for building a new house, and he would be glad to know whether Napoleon had any desires on the subject. Napoleon continued to glare at him in silence. Lowe bravely continued: 'I have conceived, Sir, that possibly the addition of two or three rooms to your present house, with other improvements to it, might add to your convenience in less time than by constructing a new building.' Then the storm broke. Las Cases, who was in the next room 'heard by the sound of the Emperor's voice that he was animated, and that there was a hot scene. The audience was long and very tempestuous.' Las Cases did not hear Lowe's voice raised in return; the Governor kept his temper, in spite of gross provocation to which he was subjected. In substance Napoleon roared out that Lowe had been sent to kill him; that he would never allow anybody to enter his chamber (no attempt had been made to do so); that it was an insult to invite him to dinner and to call him General Bonaparte. Lowe, when he got a chance, replied, 'Sir, I have not come here to receive lessons.' 'It is not for want of needing them,' said Napoleon. 'Sir,' Lowe went on, 'I have not come here to be insulted, but to treat of an affair which concerns you more than it does me. If you are not disposed to speak about it, I will retire.' 'I had no intention to insult you, Sir, but how have you treated me? Has it been in a way becoming a soldier?' 'Sir, I am a soldier, to perform the duties I owe to my country in conformity with its customs, and not according to the mode of other countries. I am performing my duty, and am indifferent to anything besides.'"

Three months afterwards all personal intercourse stopped, although the Governor made other attempts to renew it.

Speaking to two of his own officers on the evening of Napoleon's death, Lowe said: "Well, gentlemen, he was England's greatest enemy and mine too; but I forgive him everything." Napoleon's enmity was perpetuated by his English admirers and shadowed Lowe's subsequent career up to his death. It is greatly to be hoped that the present work may be the means of emphasizing the sterling worth of the man and freeing him from the injustice which has been meted out to him.

The book will be cordially welcomed by all interested in Napoleonic literature, although perhaps it may not make the same sort of appeal as its predecessor, chiefly it may be on account of the more familiar nature of the contents.

In speaking of the book which was sent to Lowe for Napoleon by Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton (one of Napoleon's greatest admirers) but withheld by the Governor, Mr. Young does not refer to a statement made by Broughton in his "Recollections," Vol. I., p. 321: "Napoleon, however, procured a French translation of the book, and sent me, through Las Cases, an acknowledgment of it." Further references are to be found in Vol. II. of the same work. There are one or two slips here and there; such, for instance, as the statements that Napoleon was "half-uncle" to Cardinal Fesch, and that Napoleon's son ed in 1831. And Mr. Young's use of the split infinitive is noticeable.

There is a lavish supply of illustrations, mainly reproduced from Mr. Broadley's unrivalled collection; also a satisfactory index, and an excellent bibliography, though in the latter there is no reference to a work which the present writer endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain from a second-hand bookseller in Milan. It is entitled, "Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène. Avec portr. de l'auteur et une vue de Long-Wood. Tur. 1831. 2 Vol. en 1. 16°." This, I mention, in connection with Mr. Young's statement Vol. II., p. 267, that "As no answer to O'Meara's charges was forthcoming, it was supposed that none could be offered, until Forsyth's 'Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe' was issued in 1853."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena (1815-1821)." By Norwood Young. With 2 Coloured Frontispieces and 100 Illustrations mainly from the collection of A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.).

THE HUNGARIAN BOY.*

On March 28th, 1844, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, there was a performance of that amusing and sempiternal shivaree, "The Bohemian Girl." Now there is nothing

* "Letters from and to Joseph Joachim." Selected and Translated by Nora Bickley. With a Preface by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The Eve of St. Agnes.

"Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees."—*Keats.*
From the drawing by Daniel Maclise.

remarkable about that. The really remarkable thing about "The Bohemian Girl" would be no performance of it; for every touring opera-manager in this country knows that the money lost on (possibly) better things can always be got back on "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." The tuneful young person whose dreams reverted to halls like Gatti's Adelaide Gallery now has a myriad musical "Girls" to keep her company—Gaiety Girls, Taxi Girls, and Girls with Earls; but she is older than the Girls among whom she flits; like Maritana, she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the shelf; and she will outlast all the other Girls, with one clear exception—the "Girl of the Regiment," by Donizetti. The rhythm of this seems strangely familiar, and in any case it has nothing to do with the story; for the really remarkable thing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on March 28th, 1844, was not the Bohemian Girl, but the Hungarian Boy, Joseph Joachim, aged twelve, who played violin solos between the acts, and made thus his debut into a country of whose musical life he was to become one of the greatest and noblest features.

The young men and maidens of to-day have many wonderful musical opportunities, yet it is one of the consolations of imminent middle age to reflect that they have nothing like the "Pops." How many a shilling of mine, when it was almost the only one I had, has gone to pay for a seat on the orchestra of the old St. James's Hall, where the humblest of us (always presuming the shilling) could sit, any Monday evening or Saturday afternoon, within actual touching distance of the quartet led by Joachim! If you hadn't a score you really wanted another sixpence for the excellent programme, with its elaborate annotations and quotations. You don't get programmes like those, or like the old Crystal Palace ones, in these degenerate days. The sort of programme you get for sixpence at a modern orchestral concert would be dear at six a penny. In those great times you could hear Joachim and Lady Hallé play the Concerto for two violins, or Joachim and Mühlfeld lead Brahms's Clarionet Quintet; or you could go to a Bach festival and hear Joachim play the "Chaconne," or one of the Sonatas, with, possibly, the lovely obbligato to "Have mercy on me, O God," thrown in as if it were nothing. Joachim looms very large indeed in the recollection of those whose effective memory goes back a score of years, when he seemed as much a part of English public life as Irving, Tennyson, and Gladstone, his great contemporaries. The present volume is an excellent memorial of a great artist. The letters it contains are selected from the mass of Joachim's correspondence, and, while they cover generally the whole range of his life and work (the tragedy of his marriage excepted), they illustrate more particularly his connection with English friends and English functions. They are thus both history and commentary, and form a volume of strong and enduring interest. It would be possible to urge this or that against both selection and annotation, but we shall do nothing of the sort; for, as a whole, the volume is soundly edited and most admirably translated. The illustrations, too, are good. We hardly know which is the finer—Watts's portrait of the shaven, strong-featured man, or Hollyer's photograph of the older bearded face we knew so well—the art of the brush and of the camera each at its best.

The least happy feature of the volume is a preface by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, the purpose or advantage of which it is difficult to discover. If I dwell on some of its assertions, it is not with the idea of devoting space to what is, after all, a negligible feature of a good book, but in the hope that we may get thereby some glimpses of Joachim's greatness and limitations. The value of any criticism the preface contains may be judged from a sentence like this:

> "It is probable that the enormous increase in musical taste which came over the whole country during the time of his artistic career is due, directly and indirectly, more to him than to any other individual."

Qualified generalities of this sort are the merest copper coin of criticism. The statement amounts precisely to this, that a great artist is a great influence, an obvious truth that cannot be appropriated to any one artist, however eminent. Moreover, it is not true that Joachim did more than any one else to raise the standard of taste in England. At least as much was done by men like Manns and Richter, and, in a more hidden way, by men like George Grove.

In this preface, as elsewhere, Mr. Fuller-Maitland displays the mischievous kind of hero-worship that requires us to admire a man's faults as if they were his virtues. I should not dream of suggesting that Joachim's compositions were faults, but they obviously do not belong to the same level of art as his playing. Yet hear what Mr. Fuller-Maitland says:

> "To a smaller number of people, Joachim ranks as one of the composers who, in other circumstances, might have attained a world-wide acceptance; his works, though few in number and perhaps a little austere in expression, hold a permanent place in the affections of those to whom they appeal, and there are not wanting signs that if his life had been devoted to composition rather than to the noble work of interpreting the best music in the best way, he would have been numbered among the great creative masters."

There is not a sentence here that will bear a moment's examination. Really, critics should abandon the bad habit of assessing a man's worth on the strength of pieces that he did not write. The very last thing Joachim's compositions suggest is that he was born to write and not to play. You might as well say that Paderewski's compositions prove that he would have been another Chopin if he had not chosen to become a virtuoso, or that Goethe would have been one of the greatest men of science if he had not taken to poetry instead. Indeed, you may safely say anything you like about what never happened. The interesting by-products of a great man's art must never be confused with his real work. Every virtuoso indulges himself in composition, and we endure these lesser things for the sake of the greater. We may be fairly sure that if a man does one thing supremely well, that and no other thing is what he was meant to do. Oddly enough, almost the only supremely great player who has left works that still survive is Mr. Fuller-Maitland's pet aversion—Liszt.

On the subject of Liszt and Wagner *versus* Joachim, Brahms and Schumann, Mr. Fuller-Maitland is apparently incorrigible. Observe how he assumes the whole case and then states it as proved:

> "In reading the account of the famous split between the partisans of the classics and the school of Liszt, it is necessary to remember the difficulties of the situation to one who felt it to be his first duty to guard the older music from attack. Joachim was convinced, sooner than any one else, that Schumann and Brahms were in the royal line of great composers. This does not seem a very strange position in the present day, but the "moderns" of that time, with Liszt at their head, were never tired of sneering at Schumann, and though they professed to uphold the classics, yet it was clear to every one that they were working for their own glorification rather than in the cause of legitimate music."

Once again here is a long statement, not a sentence of which will bear examination. How did the school of Liszt manage to attack the older music, and yet uphold it? Beethoven, the master-classic, was the perpetual theme of Wagner's eulogies, and that particular member of the school of Liszt simply forced Beethoven's symphonies on a protesting world that desired nothing better than Mendelssohn. As for the sentence about "their own glorification," we will say no more than that it is characteristic of Mr. Fuller-Maitland. Wagner was a horrible man in many ways; he cadged, he squandered, he lied, he betrayed; but no one was more eager than he in devotion to art; and as for Liszt, great magnanimous fellow, friend of every needy artist, his purse and influence were always ready when there was service to be done to the cause of music. Mr. Fuller-Maitland quotes Joachim's letter breaking off relations with Liszt as a model of what such a communication should be. I heartily agree; and I recommend Mr. Fuller-Maitland to study it attentively when next he feels impelled to write rubbish about a great man.

The point that Mr. Fuller-Maitland misses will be apparent to every other reader of these letters. It is simply this: that Joachim had the defects of his qualities. He was a master—and he was masterful. The classic abstinence that made him an ideal quartet leader had as its corollary a sort of narrow intransigence. It is possible, even in the arts, to love not wisely, but too well. The older Wagnerites committed just the same sin. They could hardly tolerate any other music, and they held up to our admiration as a display of Nietzschean supermanliness the very qualities that make Wagner detestable. It was the intolerant narrowness, not the classic breadth, of Joachim's views that made him a party to the absurdly bumptious manifesto of 1860, and his attitude to Liszt calls for kindly excuse, not for triumphant admiration. When he refused to play at the Beethoven Centenary Festival in Vienna, and advised Clara Schumann to refuse as well, simply because Wagner was going to conduct the Choral Symphony and Liszt the Mass in D, he proved, perhaps, his sincerity, but certainly his lack of magnanimity. How was this "guarding the older music from attack"? The Festival Committee had purposely designed to unite men of all schools in an act of homage to Beethoven; but Joachim would have none of it. He desired men of one school only—anybody would do, as long as Wagner and Liszt were kept out of it.

This sort of thing is not pleasant, and the normal reader will pass it over as an inevitable defect of great qualities. The lamentable fact is the thrusting it upon us as something specially admirable. Joachim was a great man, and we readily forgive his defects; but we love him in spite of them, not because of them. Devotion is one thing, narrowness is another. In the house of music there are many mansions; the wisest man is he who tries to see how much, not how little, of the Palace of Art he can honourably inhabit.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

SEA-PIE.*

Verily, this is an acceptable, enjoyable book, just the book for these times when art and life alike cry out for reality. What Mr. Patterson has to give us here is real enough in all conscience. He happens to know what he has written about; and, therefore, the diverse series of experiences and adventures here dished-up prove effective and convincing. We owe—and this needs special mention—a very particular debt to Mr. Patterson for introducing us to Shivers. There stands a figure of true romance, one who could hardly have been invented. Shivers' actuality and eeriness, his efficiency and forthrightness, impressed Mr. Patterson, and through him have impressed us. Moreover, Shivers, through the long wisdom that came from the rough school of life—and of all universities that of experience turns out the best graduates—was able to give Mr. Patterson a very excellent piece of literary advice and criticism. Said he, interrupting the sea-cook and bottle-washer, the A.B., the ordinary seaman and the crew of the *Nancy* gig "who was—all of him—reading aloud the first results of his 'prentice hand at composition":

"I don't like the way you have written them."
"What for?"
"Because they don't sound like truth. Your wording gives them something that is not reality—an underlying something. If write you must—and it seems you must—read the Bible more, and such writers as Defoe and Bunyan."

These words are true, as is illustrated in this very book; which fine piece of work though it be—because Mr. Patterson has kept to reality and used the simple direct language, built of the Bible, Defoe and Bunyan, which alone can tell it fitly—has yet one episode, that of Mahmud and Florette, which proves he had for a moment forgotten his guide. Mr. Patterson improvised, made up a sentimental little story, and lost for the occasion his essential

* "Sea-Pie: Being Some Minor Reminiscences and Tales of Other Men." By J. E. Patterson. 7s. 6d. net. (Goschen.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. J. E. Patterson.**

reality. It had the "underlying something" which Shivers condemned. However, let Mr. Patterson keep before him Shivers' masterly advice, stick to his last, and he may be a writer and a novelist of the breezy, briny, toilsome, troublesome, furious, compelling seas second to none—absolutely, nowadays, second to none in this important department of true and imaginative literature.

The war we are fighting has brought home to those of us, who, alas, must generally stand and wait, the splendid heroism of our sailor-men. The Mercantile Marine has proved itself worthy of the nation that gave to the seas the finest fighting navies of all time, and Mr. Patterson in "Sea-Pie" shows how the courage and endurance, the dash, resource and seamanship, which have brought honour to British officers and crews during these historic months, have been tested, tried, and brought to perfection; for his story is a record of hard and bitter fights against the fierce unruly elements of winds and waves, which only pluck and brawn can overcome. This book shows how the Navy and Merchant Service make men; and incidentally demonstrates how well-rewarded with adventure and moving incident the shipman's life may be. Mr. Patterson, out of his own seventeen years of knockabout life before the mast, and from the yarns of his mates on all sorts of trading vessels, stored his mind with memories of a large variety of scenes and people, often tragic and squalid, sometimes exceedingly picturesque. Think of it! Pilgrims travelling over the seas to Mecca; the ghost of a man appearing in the Baltic to his murderer; fights in the loathsome dens where the visiting sailor is reft of his earnings; Yellow Jack claiming its victims; shipmates dying on a raft while the sharks watch and wait, and ultimately fight each other for the festive opportunity—but, no, the author's expression is better—for the "gastric delight" to come; fo'c'sle fights, mean skippers, bullying mates; yes, and murder on the high seas. Nobody can fairly complain of the varied fare contained in this attractive feast, this literary "Sea-Pie" which is as compact of good things as the actual dish, described in oving detail by Mr. Patterson. But, again, of all the treasures

of this volume, Shivers with his individuality and well-told yarns stands out pre-eminent; and we venture to hope that he who has built and baked this "Sea-Pie" will recall more about this superman, and tell the full story of his adventurous life. C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE RAT PIT.*

In "The Rat Pit" the author tells the story of Norah Ryan, a poor Irish girl, some suggestions of whose career were given in his "Children of the Dead End." In expanding the slender sketch of his earlier volume into the present work, the author attempts to show "the dangers to which an innocent girl is exposed through ignorance of the fundamental facts of existence," and in so doing does, indeed, tell a tale to harrow up the soul. Startling in many respects as its predecessor was, the statements in "The Rat Pit" will still more strongly arouse the horror of its readers. The action of the story takes place chiefly in Donegal and Glasgow, and the innate ignorance and chronic misery of the poverty-stricken peasantry in the former will not be found so terrifying as are the extreme wretchedness and disgusting experiences of the lowest classes in the wealthy Scotch city. As portrayed in "The Rat Pit," some parts of Glasgow are no better than a human cesspool. There is much that is mean and heart-breaking in Ryan's cabin, but that is home even if the inmates have to starve in it, so that poor Norah may still be "fond of the land which gave her nought but life": great as is the suffering in Donegal, it is nothing as compared with the crime and immorality which prevail in the corrupt quarters of opulent Glasgow.

The most important place in the Irish section of the work is the village of Greenanore, "dull, dirty and dilapidated." Here dwell Father Devaney, the priest, and Farley McKeown, the rich man of the district, and the owner of a stocking warehouse. It is doubtful which is the greater scoundrel of the two, *arcades ambo*. The priest squeezes every penny possible out of the half-starved populace, under pretence of building a new house for himself. It is said that he is going to spend two hundred and fifty pounds on a lavatory for his new house.

> "Lav-ha-thury," said Judy Farrel, "what's that?"
> "Old Oiney Dinchy said it is a place for keeping holy water."
> "Holy water, my eye!" said the beansho. "It's the place where the priest washes himself."
> "I've heard of them washin' themselves away in foreign parts all over and every day, but they must be far from clean in them places. They just go into big things full of water just as pigs, God be good to us! go into a midden. Father McKee, I wish him rest! used to wash *his* hands in an old tub, and that's all the washin' ever he did, and wouldn't ye think that a tub was good enough for this man? But what am I talking about?" exclaimed the woman, making the sign of the cross. "Isn't it the priest that knows what is best to do?"
> "He's goin' to spend two hundred and fifty pounds on his lav-ha-thury, anyway," said the beansho. . . . "Ye'll not fill yer own bellies, and ye'll give him a bathroom to wash his!"

The proceedings of Farley McKeown towards the unfortunate women who knit for him those stockings for which Donegal is famous are worse than many legal crimes. By incessant labour a nimble knitter, who works for sixteen hours, may manage to complete a pair of stockings in that time, and by so doing earn the sum of one penny farthing from the heartless brute. There is a good old saying "that the air of England is too pure for a slave," but what is the woman who, by her utmost exertions, cannot earn more than five farthings in sixteen hours? Even these things, however, appear petty when contrasted with such terrible trials as some poor creatures in this life-story endure in Scotland. Certain folks will be ready to call the author of these records to account for the realism of the scenes he describes and the forcible language he uses, for, as he says, "some may think such things should not be written about," yet "public opinion, like the light of day, is a great purifier," and should be obtained. These evils will never be eradicated until shown to the world in their naked naughtiness. Those who subsist upon "the wages of sin" are not merely the disorderly dwellers in the houses of ill-fame as depicted in this work, but the house-owners also. One of these persons, not without some of similar type in London, is called "Mrs. Crawford" (of course a pseudonym), who lives out at Hillhead, the rich people's place, "and goes to church every Sunday with prayer-books under her arm. . . . Has a motor-car, too, and is always writing to the papers about sanitary arrangements." Cannot such creatures be identified and brought to book?

"The Rat Pit" itself does not occupy much space in the book, and is given as an emblem of an unknown "underworld," which, the author says, he has "seen and known such a lot about," "as a greater Rat-Pit, where human beings, pinched and poverty-stricken and ground down with a weight of oppression, are hemmed up like the plague-stricken in a pest-house." The Glasgow Rat Pit is a refuge or lodging-house for women who can raise the threepence for accommodation there. It is much better than some of the hovels described in the pages of Mr. MacGill's work. It and its unsavoury occupants are most graphically portrayed.

Norah, the heroine, only stayed one night in this place, and then went to live with another woman from Donegal in a building belonging to "Mrs. Crawford." The horrors of this place cannot be referred to here. The only thing of any account there was a view of the Municipal Buildings, which, as Norah's companion said, was "where the rich people meet and talk about the best thing to be done with houses like these. It's easy to talk over yonder; that house cost five hundred and fifty thousand pounds to build." Poor Norah was not fitted to live under such conditions as prevailed in "Mrs. Crawford's" apartments, so soon furnished an example for Mr. MacGill's dictum, "Heaven gives its favourites early death." Her companion, Sheila, had much cause to wish for a similar fate; although she said, "it's not many that like to go to Heaven before their time," she could not have been unwilling when death called her from her dreary pilgrimage. The claim that most of these characters are from real life is, one feels, fact; only real people could talk as they do. Most of them are types of the lowest, often of the most abject of human beings, and it too frequently happens that their words are intensely vulgar, if not indecent, but that they are life-likenesses cannot be doubted. The author is rarely detected speaking on his own account, but occasionally his feelings are too strong for him, and he lets his readers know what he thinks about matters. It is then that we are reminded Mr. MacGill is a poet, and feel that his latest work, "The Rat Pit," is a masterpiece.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

* "The Rat Pit." By Patrick MacGill. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

NEW CONRAD TALES AND A BENNETT REPRINT.*

Both Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Arnold Bennett belong to the front rank of contemporary English novelists, and indeed might claim a place in the first half dozen, but if you wished to indicate briefly the difference that exists between them you could hardly do better than say that the one is quintessentially an artist and the other a master-craftsman. Mr. Conrad hovers, as it were, like some brooding spirit over his material, tries experiments with it, views it from a distance to see it in perspective, moulds it this way and that, turns it over long in his mind, and then lets it emerge in a form which almost painfully avoids the obvious and may as often betray caprice as reveal genius. Mr. Bennett, on the other hand, works through and in his material, rarely soars but keeps everything ship-shape, may appear sometimes the slave of his detail, but preserves order, proportion, reasonableness, and can

* "Within the Tide." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Dent.)—"Whom God Hath Joined." By Arnold Bennett. New Edition. 6s. (Methuen.)

generally be counted upon to carry conviction. Perhaps it is not surprising that the low-flier is more uniformly successful than his colleague.

It is Mr. Conrad's own fault and his privilege that we apply severe tests to any new fiction to which he puts his name. The author of "Lord Jim" has himself set up the standard by which he is to be judged, that of his past achievements, and it is exceptionally high. Considered in relation to that record, his new tales "Within the Tides" must be pronounced something less than his best. They are by way of being mannered, they are too much in one key, they emphasise the gloomy side of life to the sacrifice of its more cheerful features. Not only do they show him persisting in the trick of roundabout narration, telling his story too often in a manner that eschews simplicity and directness, they also convey the idea that he is obsessed by the notion of human affairs being dominated by chance, and usually evil chance, and of innocence being ever in danger of shipwreck. Scoundrelism is given too free play in his latest batch of yarns; decent, kindly creatures are too consistently vanquished in their battle with circumstance.

One story, "The Inn of the Two Witches," is no more than a blood-curdler after the pattern of Poe. Yet the impression of the ascendency of wickedness prevails even there. "The Partner," with a theme the like of which its worker has handled more cunningly heretofore, describes how a gallant sea-captain is victimised by rogues who propose cheating an insurance company, and it does not improve matters that it is the accident of a villain's panic and not the success of the conspiracy which accomplishes his doom. Mr. Conrad has sought to be over-clever in this case, and has arranged that the details shall be hurled by a surly informant at the narrator's head with the constant taunt "Spoil that by your art if you can"; the method certainly spoils some of the artist's effects at the same time that it exasperates the reader. The longest tale, "The Planter of Malata," has evidently had enormous pains lavished upon it. Its analysis of motive is meticulous; its South-Sea descriptions are rich in colour; there is not a phrase used but has its appropriateness and significance. And yet you cannot accept its main postulate. You refuse to believe that an explorer of its hero's quality, a man of approved nerve and courage, would break up so ignominiously when in love as Renouard is made to do. As for his suicide it seems a wanton abuse of power on Mr. Conrad's part. One other story remains, "Because of the Dollars," the most straightforwardly told and did not one scene exceed the bounds of the permissible in pathos, the most poignant thing in the volume. In that scene a crippled ruffian bashes in the brain of a woman who is trying to save the life of a sick child. Br-r-r! The cries of that helpless victim will ring long in one reader's ears.

The change is great when we pass from these depressing studies in romance to Mr. Bennett's matter-of-fact problem story of divorce, "Whom God Hath Joined," issued some eight years ago and now reprinted. Here is no outlandish villainy, no crime of violence, no rash self-destruction, but just a couple of instances of that kind of betrayal which, as the Law Courts teach us, is one of the commonest offences of men towards women and women towards men. It is the normality of Mr. Bennett's selection of infidelity and of his treatment of them which impresses in this novel. His erring husband and his defiant wife might be a brother, might be a sister of ours, so unextravagantly is the history of their temptation and fall set out. The forcefulness of Mr. Bennett's method is that he makes fiction seem so much like life and just sufficiently different. You do not get the massive effects of "Clayhanger" or "The Old Wives' Tale," but you get just as much photographic realism, just as careful planning and cumulative interest. And though the novelist spares you little of the ugly detail that adultery must involve, there is nothing sordid in his management of the two affairs. His touch remains sure and delicate even in the scene in which a young girl is made to stumble on evidences of her father's guilt. To such admirers of Mr. Bennett's talents as have missed this example of their admirable employment it can be heartily recommended.

F. G. B.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.*

North of the State of Oregon, on the Pacific Coast, lies Washington—"The Chinook State"—so-called because of the prevalence in early Spring of the warm, soft, "Chinook" wind which, breathing in from the ocean, melts vast accumulations of snow in a few hours and awakens earth to its recurring revel. The greater part of Washington lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range—a range almost rivalling the Rockies in its ruggedness and altitude:

"Sheltered by both and enriched by uncounted ages of sun and rain, and snow as kind and fostering as the dew, lies a district as large as England, where beautiful new cities have sprung up, and there are townships by the hundred."

In a remote valley of this tract Mrs. Fraser lived with her son, a farmer, for seven years. Even in that comparatively short period the character of the country changed in some important respects, for the earlier inhabitants kept moving on. They belonged mainly to that class whose energies must express themselves in change, for the true pioneer loses all interest in the wilderness he has tamed:

"Everybody swears loyally by the country, and everybody . . . is ready to leave it at ten minutes' notice. They want to move; it is the great object of the lives of many of them so to improve their places that they will be able to sell them for a good price and go somewhere else."

In communities such as these, where personal idiosyncrasies are not pruned down or stifled, human nature expresses itself with a freedom and originality impossible in the older lands. Mrs. Fraser has etched in some types with rare skill. She traces a resemblance between her neighbours of the Methow Valley and the Boers—principally on the grounds that both the Boer and the rancher are cut off from the world of active minds, and are keen in the

* "Seven Years on the Pacific Coast." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Log driving in the Upper Methow Valley.

From "Seven Years on the Pacific Coast" (Werner Laurie).

practice of trading. But there are fundamental differences; the Boer is essentially a serious-minded person and is deeply religious, whereas the rancher of Western America seems to take most things in a gravely flippant (if such a term be permissible) way, and to be profanely irreligious.

As is invariably the case on civilisation's fringe, the greatest weight of hardship falls on the women-folk. Poor Mrs. Mackenzie, cheerful under the burthen of many babies and full of admiring trust in her engaging, half-gypsy scamp of a horse-dealing husband, holds the reader's attention. The Mackenzie family are quite the most interesting people on a stage where none are without interest. Poor little Ruth, worked almost to death—until in desperation she deliberately gets drunk, so as to ensure herself a rest—is a pitiful figure. Chan, her ten-year-old brother—on the occasion of an inauspicious domestic event—thus unburthens himself to Mrs. Fraser:

"I had been figgering some on that baby; it's a damn shame it should go and die. Why d'you suppose it died? Guess Maw twisted herself or somethin'."

"Granma" is a quaint figure. She assured the mother of an unbaptised child which had died, that it was most certainly damned. Sincerely religious and quite contented in her savage belief, she nevertheless failed to have her own grandchildren, who lived under her control, baptised.

Some of Mrs. Fraser's descriptions of Nature are full of poignant beauty; for instance:

"When the hills are baked brown, and the long day is a burning fire, there are two seasons in each twenty-four hours when, if a man has a talent in that direction, he may forget all the rest. One is the early, early dawn, when the breeze creeps up, fresh as a baby's breath, and the earth and the trees are still wet and sweet with the dew. Then the quaking-asp thickets are fluttering gardens of mystery, and even the scorched sunflowers and the dried-up sage brush exude something of the hopeful childhood of the day. The other comes a little after sunset, when the glow is still upon the mountains and the vast, tired world sinks sighing to its rest."

One puts down this most interesting book with a sigh of regret for that the Pioneer-Rancher suffers from an incorrigible restlessness which causes him to hand his heritage over to the boomster and press on once more into the rapidly-diminishing wilderness.

W. C. SCULLY.

TOUJOURS "G. B. S."*

First, let me have my grumble and be done with it. I am one of those who love uncut books. There is something subtly delightful in the feeling one has as one slices open the pages, dipping into them here and there as one goes along, before settling down to real serious reading. I don't object, either, to the other kind of book with neatly-cut edges. But I do loathe, detest, and abominate the book that is neither one thing nor the other; the book (say) that starts as a book already cut, and then after a few pages becomes an uncut book, presently to become a cut book again, and then again an uncut book, and so on. You see, one is usually reading in bed, or in some place where paper-knives are not, and so one has either to use a postcard—which is unsatisfactory, even if you happen to possess a postcard, which you generally don't—or bring the little finger into action, a proceeding that straightway transforms a handsome, seemly tome into a ragged horror. Let Mr. Martin Secker, the publisher of Mr. Howe's new critical study of "G. B. S.," see to this when he issues his next volume in this excellent series.

So, to the book itself.

To write anything at all about Bernard Shaw is a tremendous undertaking. There is so much and so many of him. He is not one man, but a host in himself. There are so many different Bernard Shaws; and, yet the more dissimilar they seem to be, the more they are the same "G. B. S." Mr. Howe quite definitely realises this. He shows us that, even in his inconsistencies, Bernard Shaw is consistent, which is to say that he can always be relied upon to attack the obvious, except when the obvious has become so very obvious as to be banal, and then he will often revert to that banality. This he did a year or two ago, for instance, in a speech advocating the equal distribution of wealth, a principle which the anti-Socialist has always attributed to the Socialist, but which the Socialist has hitherto always indignantly repudiated. Such a speech, coming from anyone else, would have shocked the Fabians terribly. Coming from "G. B. S." it shocked no one, because—as Mr. Howe himself suggests—"G. B. S." is so perpetually running to the door and shouting "Wolf!" that most people have ceased to take any notice of his outcries.

Mr. Howe pictures posterity as sitting down "to read straight through" the works of Bernard Shaw. But, frankly, I don't think Bernard Shaw has much concern with posterity, and this for two reasons. In the first place, he is too topical. Many of the allusions in some of his earlier plays are even now a little obscure. In another twenty or thirty years they will be unintelligible, except to the pedant and the pundit. And then—a more fatal objection!—Bernard Shaw lacks the driving forces of passion and emotion. And he not only lacks these supreme human qualities: he is proud of lacking them. He vaunts and flaunts his deficiencies in your face, as when he says: "It would be far better for everyone, as well as far honester, if young people were taught that what they call love is an appetite which, like all other appetites, is destroyed for the moment by its gratification; that no profession, promise, or proposal made under its influence should bind anybody" . . . which, to any average mortal who has loved and married, or loved and lost, must seem not only a grossly absurd statement, but also a blazing exhibition of ignorance.

No, Bernard Shaw is essentially a man of his day and generation, as Cobbett was, and all the other old pamphleteers whose very names are lost to us. So that Mr. Howe, and the many other authors of books about "G. B. S.," are quite right to give us their views and reviews and opinions concerning him, during his lifetime.

But I cannot conclude this brief notice of a first-class book of its kind without expressing my sense of Mr. Howe's exceptional qualifications for the task he has accomplished so successfully. Mr. Howe is level-headed. He admires, but with discrimination—a quality lacking in most of Shaw's admirers. He has, I think, got down on paper as fair and equitable an estimate of "G. B. S." as it is possible to arrive at in dealing with so baffling and elusive a subject. Above all, he writes well, with verve and spirit, and yet quite easily, almost colloquially. Yes, this is certainly a book to beg, buy, borrow, or steal—to read, anyway—for its own sake, whether you are a disciple of "G. B. S." or not.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "Bernard Shaw: A Critical Study." By P. P. Howe. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

SIR ALFRED LYALL'S ESSAYS.*

The late Sir Alfred Lyall may be described as versatile, without danger of conveying the stigma of superficiality. Statesman, Poet, Historian and Essayist, he was distinguished in each degree: this most readable book alone would have sufficed to mark its writer as fine literary critic, had he not long ago won renown as a man of letters. There is no semblance of padding in these essays, not a superfluous sentence, no obscure phrases. Sir Alfred never wrote without having something to say that was worth saying, and he expressed himself in clear forcible English, with the broad outlook of a man of energetic life and mind who had a ripe experience and had seen many lands. Without labouring for it, he attained a style that was worthy of his wide range of subjects, in itself no inconsiderable feat. Novels, Letter-Writing and Heroic Poetry: Byron, Swinburne and Thackeray; he passes from one subject to

* "Studies in Literature and History." By the late Sir Alfred C. Lyall. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

another with the fluency and omniscience that one expects from an Edinburgh reviewer. He could be urbane without insipidity, and acute without the traditional cynicism of contributors to the heavy reviews; he was never cruel to be kind, and if he made no reputations, he destroyed none. In full sympathy with his subjects, he made it his business to pay tribute to their achievements, and when he disapproved he did so without presumption.

The article on Swinburne's poetry was written during the lifetime of this last of the great Victorian poets. If it is, as Sir Alfred Lyall describes it, inadequate, it certainly has the merit of constituting one of the most appreciative accounts that we have of Swinburne's poetical activities. It likewise possesses all the freshness of a subject that has not been unduly laboured by others. Sir Alfred was thoroughly in his element in writing on Victorian poetry, to which he himself had contributed his share. Swinburne was his contemporary, and he must have watched the rise of that brilliant star in the realm of English song. In his criticism of "Atlanta in Calydon" he helps us to realise Swinburne's force as a new singer:

"The exquisite modulations of the verse, the splendid choral antiphonies captivated all who were susceptible to the enchantment of poetry. The delicate adaptation of the English language to quantitative harmonies of high resonant lyrics showed extraordinary skill in the difficult enterprise of communicating the charm and cadences of the antique masterpieces."

He was a witness of the battle that waged round the publication of "Poems and Ballads"; he heard the cry of denunciation that followed the appearance of "Songs Before Sunrise," and later he followed the progress of the red poet into the calmer waters of his declining years. It is perhaps as yet too early to estimate Swinburne's influence on English poetry, but his place among the great poets of the nineteenth century is secure.

In his essay on Byron, Sir Alfred was equally fortunate. Coming to a subject that was somewhat stale—if Byron could ever be stale—a subject upon which Matthew Arnold, Swinburne and Lord Morley had each tested their powers, and attempted to estimate his position as a poet, Sir Alfred had the advantage of viewing Byron's life, through the vista of a hundred years, in the light of the definite collection of his poems and correspondence. Byron, once the idol of the world, and the only English poet beside Shakespeare to attain European fame, "after his death," said Sir Alfred, "suffered a kind of eclipse; his work was very much more unduly depreciated than it had been extolled." Matthew Arnold, it is true, praised his poetry as fervently as he did that of Wordsworth, but Swinburne doubtless influenced opinion by his scornful criticism of Byron's life and work. "This bitter disdain excites some indignation and a sympathetic reaction in his favour." The passing away of the political school to which Byron belonged has been assigned as one of the causes for the decline in popularity of his verse, the fashions of thought and taste which it represents are also out of date, as are his "lofty appeals to classic heroism." Mazzini, however, said that "The day will come when the democracy will acknowledge its debt to Byron." But the generation who enjoyed "the sweet harmonies, perfection of metre, middle-class pastorals, and a blameless moral tone," which they found in the poetry of Tennyson, were no longer to be enchanted by Byron. Now, when his life is better known than his poetry, "his faults and follies," said Sir Alfred, "stand out more prominently than ever; his story is more attractive than most romances, and the stricter morality of the day condemns him more severely than did the society to which he belonged." Sir Alfred Lyall's judgment of Byron's poetry is sound, he pays a high and just tribute to his poems of description, to certain passages in his otherwise little-read metrical romances, to the satires, and, above all, to "Don Juan."

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RUSKIN HOUSE, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON.

on "English Letter-Writing in the Nineteenth Century." He says:

"We may lament that the spirit of reckless devilry and dissipation should have entered into Byron; and the lessons to be drawn from the scenes and adventures in Venice and elsewhere, described for the benefit of Tom Moore, are very different from the moral examples furnished by the tranquil and well-ordered correspondence of our own day. Yet the world would have been poorer for the loss of this memorial of an Unquiet Life, and the historical gallery of literature would have missed the full-length portrait of an extraordinary man."

The essay on Emile Ollivier's volume of "L'Empire Libéral," dealing with his reminiscences of that eventful period immediately preceding the outbreak of the Franco-German War in July, 1870, makes especially interesting reading at the present time.

The able article on "Heroic Poetry" may also be studied with profit in these days when so many are living heroic lives. The essay was written during the South African War, which did not, however, inspire any poet to produce an heroic poem of outstanding merit. Perhaps this greater conflict in which we are now engaged may in this respect have a happier result.

ROGER INGPEN.

RUSSIA THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.*

What is the secret of Russia's allurement? What is this spell which the silent country casts upon so many who are seemingly impervious to alien influences? Each of these volumes, in very different fashion, suggests, if not an interpretation at least a re-statement of this long enigma. For each of them presents the Russian people as seen through a pair of English eyes which is looking honestly and without prejudice at a people that we are inclined to caricature when we intend most to praise. The first pair of eyes belongs to a level-headed engineer of Scottish ancestry, a member of an important firm, whose enterprises brought him into close touch with many classes and sub-divisions of the Russian people. His record is that of a hard-headed man of business who is studying a people at a lower stage of evolution than his own, and the tone of his mind is perhaps indicated by this sentence in the Introduction: "That the peasants have a very great religious instinct, I quite admit, but theirs is not the religion that we have been taught in Holy Writ as being pure and undefiled." It is, then, not at all as an idealist that he approaches the moujik, whom Dostoievsky hailed as one of the regenerating types of the future and before whom Tolstoy was content to bow humbly in the present. Mr. Hume's appreciation, in short, is that of slow conviction based upon facts observed at first-hand and for this reason his tribute to modern Russia will most certainly appeal to English readers.

It is a simple, direct narrative giving his experiences on sea and land, and relating in detail the daring experiment of introducing steam-thrashers and reaping machines into the kingdom of the steppes. It would be too much to say that steam-thrashers in Russia accomplished for Mr. Hume's pen, what bibles accomplished in Spain for George Borrow's, but it is not too much to say, that this leisurely chronicler has brought the general reader face to face with his individual experiences of the Russian people. What he has seen has been through no borrowed spectacles, and his carefully weighed verdict on Russia is no mere repetition of dictated approval. One can imagine him figuring in one of Turgenev's novels, "Virgin Soil," for example, and assuredly if he had been there, the master of irony would have treated him respectfully.

The author of "Friendly Russia" has not lived for thirty-five years in that country. One may doubt, indeed, if he has lived thirty-five years in the world, yet he instinctively avoids not merely ready-made conclusions but the dictated angle of vision. What, after all, is knowing a place or a people? A travelling acquaintance of Mr. Garstin informed him that a friend in Huddersfield imagined that he knew that place after seeing the sights:

"'Well,' I said, 'what are we—Methodist, Unitarians, Plymouth Brothers, or what?'

"He didn't know.

"'Then you don't know Huddersfield,' I said."

This is not Mr. Garstin's manner, either of seeing or of divining what there is to see. He understands perfectly that a travelling Englishman is not necessarily an example to be respectfully imitated. He even understands that the enslaved Russian can be in his own way freer than the burgess of Huddersfield and he can quote without irritation this comment on freedom from the lips of a returned traveller:

"Oh, that England of yours! It's an extraordinary land. We Russians have our priests, it is true, but you have them also in another form—in one form, rather—the conventions. Oh, the things I have seen in England, the silly little rules even in the family. You must sit so; you must eat—so; you must speak—so; you must walk—so; you must think—so; you must lead all your life—just so. And if you do not 'people will talk.' But we in Russia can do as we like, we are free. One day perhaps we will govern ourselves and our police will be our helpers and not our tyrants, and we will become civilized—just so. But I will be dead then, thank God! Tell me, is it better to be free in one's politics or in one's home among one's friends? Answer me that—not now, but when you go home again and find yourself a slave."

Mr. Garstin is never tiresome even in his praise, never patronising, and again and again in half a paragraph he stabs at the core of character. Here, for example, is a verdict, snatched from a Tartar's lips, that is worth whole chapters of laboured description: "They are like children pestering one to share their sweets. They are always like children. I feel old talking to a Russian." The author's own comment has equally the bite of life:

"The more I think of it, the more I agree with Ablakim's words. To my mind he stands for the cultured savage, while the Russian, once Asiatic himself has been born again, and is now in the simple, delightful stages of childhood."

It would not be difficult to find fault with this little volume on the score of lack of cohesion, but Mr. Garstin has in him the essential things—sympathy with the Russian people and comprehension of the mysterious Russia of the soul that "can exist without any of us but without which we cannot exist." He knows, none better, that the ideal of Russia is wholly different from the stereotyped cast of Prussian thought and that the menace of the Slav now, as in the past, is directed only against the oppressors of Slav peoples.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

* "Thirty-Five Years in Russia." By George Hume. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.).—"Friendly Russia." By Denis Garstin. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE AT WAR.*

To English readers of a certain class the Abbé Dimnet is known for his singular skill in the employment of a language not his own. Here is an English book by a Frenchman which discovers in the writer a full knowledge of our idiom and a vocabulary that rarely fails him in the exposition of a wide and exacting theme. Considered merely as a *tour de force* it would be a remarkable performance.

The work is much more, however, than a *tour de force*. It is a study of most of the factors that compose a new France in a new century, and, written in the main before the war, it is a kind of prophetic statement of the spirit that has enabled and will enable France to prosecute and sustain the war. The war, in so far as it engages France, is seen by the Abbé Dimnet as the dénouement to which events since the beginning of the century have been inevitably trending; and after witnessing in his own country many of the occurrences which emphasise the significance of the title he had already chosen for his book, he found himself able to write a concluding chapter which brings his narrative up to date and supplements his analysis of forces with an estimate of France's needs and aspirations in the hour of victory.

In an interview accorded to an American journalist in the last week of February, M. Viviani, the inexhaustible French

* "France Herself Again." By Ernest Dimnet. 16s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

premier, who begins his day at six with a cold plunge and continues it unwearied for fifteen hours, contrasted the France of August, 1914, with the France of July, 1870. The first three months of the Franco-Prussian War saw the French armies at Sedan and Metz prisoners of war, while in Paris another army was closely invested. In all, more than 400,000 men were involved, and to the world it seemed that France was crushed. In the summer of last year Germany thought to encounter a France, not unprepared perhaps, but disunited, and unwilling as a nation to take the field. "Instead," said M. Viviani, puffing at his cigarette, "she ran her head against an immovable block, a solid mass of people without factions and without divergences. Every son of France took up arms, rich and poor alike; Socialist, Conservative, Free Thinker and Catholic, without distinction of creed."

This splendid attitude of an entire people at a crisis sudden and all but unlooked-for, is explained for us by the Abbé Dimnet. Elsewhere, following the Abbé's lead, I have attempted to summarise it in terms such as the following: The war of 1870 taught a bitter lesson, yet one that proved not too salutary. The great indemnity was paid which Bismarck fancied would cripple or destroy France; and France was but slightly crippled, and never came near to being destroyed. The rapid, upward movement of the country, the return to prosperity, was a thing most wonderful. But it was not wholly good. France, restored to economic health, grew careless of herself. There arose a dangerous sense of security.

In a moment France received an electrifying shock. It came, of course, from Germany. It was the Tangier Episode of 1905. In that year the Kaiser made his dramatic demonstration in Morocco.

Tangier in 1905 was followed just six years later by Agadir in 1911. Tangier steadied and sobered France, Agadir united and remade her. Agadir it was that began to put the edge on the military spirit of that younger generation which is now grimly, silently, and determinedly at it in the trenches. The mere threat of war brought the new generation to its senses; the downright menace of it set them on preparation; the actuality has displayed them, in M. Viviani's words, "an immovable block, a solid mass of people without factions and without divergences."

In the three years between 1911 and 1914 France made herself fit, without hurry and without ostentation, for the conflict that we are sharing with her in the trenches. The spirit of young France, called in an hour to a war undreamed of, has been supremely good; but it was a spirit trained to the call; and there is this immense difference between the French and Germans in the struggle, that whereas on the one side there was intention, and continuous and insidious preparation, there was on the other side no more than quiet resolution under two unanticipated threats.

Rid, as the Abbé Dimnet says, of her political excrescences, the patriotism of France since the opening of this tremendous tussle has been as pure as it was during the Hundred Years' War or the great Revolutionary campaigns—and on this occasion it has been universal.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.*

All of us have read in the papers that new British armies of over two million men have been raised in some eight months, but not many of us have any notion of the strenuous, far-reaching organisation that has been largely responsible for that great achievement. Thousands have enlisted entirely on their own initiative; but thousands have hesitated, for various reasons, until the timely explanation or appeal of the recruiting officer has helped them to a decision. I know men who have been held back by nothing but an exaggerated self-consciousness;

* "The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer." By Coulson Kernahan. Also "Recruiting Bands." By Douglas Sladen. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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an odd sort of shyness against showing any sort of sentiment or patriotic high falutin has prevented them from going voluntarily to a recruiting office, but the right, friendly word from a sympathetic officer has thawed this ice, and made the way easy for them.

The first thing needful in a successful recruiting officer, I should say, is a knowledge of character, an intuitive comprehension of human weaknesses and peculiarities, so that his method of approach shall not be cut to any hide-bound pattern, but shall adapt itself to the idiosyncracy of each man he has to deal with. From this standpoint, anybody who knows Mr. Coulson Kernahan knows that he is precisely the man for such work; he has the genial humour, the quick understanding and the broad sympathy that win men's confidence; and these stories of his experiences as a recruiting officer abundantly prove it. You find him shrinking from even seeming to use any kind of compulsion; he knows that the men who are worth having come without that; what is more needful is to make it clear to them that they are needed, and the nature of the provision that will be made for their dependants whilst they are absent. After all, most of us are bound by ties of duty or affection to parents, wives, children; the keenest fighters are those who have, for years, been warring courageously in civil life without sword or gun, and the wise recruiting officer is he who can recognise this and sensibly help such men over their difficulties by advising them not how they may ignore those responsibilities, but how they may so adjust them that they may sacrifice themselves without also sacrificing some who are dear to them. These among other things Mr. Kernahan's book will help you to realise. Read his "Don Quixote of Mean Street"; his chapters on "Some Recruiting Silhouettes," on "The Women who won't let their Men go—and the Women who will"; and one would strongly recommend the chapter on "The Woman who went Recruiting" to the headstrong ladies who have been distributing white feathers.

But it is the humour no less than the poignancy and pathos of its stories that gives this book its finely human appeal. You gather from it some idea of the self-forgetfulness and ardent patriotism of the men who, themselves beyond military age, are whole-heartedly serving the nation as recruiting officers, and of the wonderful devotion and idealism of many who have readily thrown away the hopes of a lifetime to go and serve in the ranks. It deals with matters that, nowadays, concern us all, and is at once one of the most delightfully entertaining and profoundly moving human documents that the war has produced.

C. W.

Novel Notes.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE IMP. By Jeffery Farnol. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

It is rarely that a story can be said to be an entire success when it combines the chronicles of a small and quaint child with the love story of "grown-ups"; especially a love story in which the child is given a part in patching up a quarrel between the hero and heroine; as a rule these children are hatefully precocious, but the Imp is the exception which proves this rule. Mr. Farnol's latest book is certainly successful as a light and entertaining story, and the author's sympathy with and understanding of children make his portrayal of the Imp's character a skilful piece of work. The Imp, otherwise Reginald Augustus, a small boy, about nine years of age, is the principal figure in a series of amusing incidents; his chief recreation in life is enacting the parts of bold Robin Hood, or Scarlet Sam the Scourge of the South Seas, whose adventures he greedily absorbs from little tattered paper books lent to him by the gardener's boy. In most of his "pretending games" he is aided and abetted by Dick Brent—the narrator of these chronicles. Brent is a young man who is in love the with Imp's Aunt Lisbeth, and many and varied are the adventures in which the three of them take prominent parts. An appreciation of Mr. Farnol and his work, by Mr. Clement Shorter, appears as a foreword to the book.

A PRINCE OF INDIA. By Laurence Clarke. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a story with a modern setting that literally bounds along the road of swift adventure, halting only to gather round it a darker cloak of mystery before plunging on to still more perilous paths. It is a running fight all the way between a group of secret service agents on the one hand and the organizers of a gigantic seditious conspiracy on the other. Young Harland of the India Office gets what he calls the chance of a lifetime when he is commissioned to keep watch over the safety of His Hignhess Sir Pirthi Rao Hadra Bahadur, K.C.S.I., Maharjah of Kathnagar during his visit to England; but his chance suffers a lamentable eclispse when the Maharajah is kidnapped from under his very nose in a Strand hotel. Happily, the Maharajah is rescued, but Harland's difficulties are enhanced rather than diminished by the knowledge that the Maharajah's double has now been secretly installed in his place on the throne of Kathnagar. The British Government entrusts Harland and another secret service agent with the delicate mission of reinstalling the lawful ruler *without publicity*, it being clearly understood that, in the event of disaster happening to either, the aforesaid British Government would disclaim all knowledge of their existence. The reader has only to be introduced to the arch-conspirators, Dr. Sanquo and his mother, Gunari Tukaji, both of them essays in cunning and frightfulness, to appreciate the nature of the proposition so cheerfully tackled by the young clerk from the India Office. Mr. Laurence Clarke displays marked ingenuity in planning the escapades of the Maharajah and his friends, and the delightful love interest, which is deftly interwoven with the main plot, is not without its own element of surprise.

SOURIS. By Fay Myddleton. 6s. (Maunsel & Co.).

Another new novel by a new author, and somehow one always looks with a certain amount of suspicion upon all new novels which come to one unheralded and unsung, beyond the short notes of praise which the publisher in his announcement lists is able to put forth. There is, however, little doubt that Miss Myddleton is an addition to the ranks of modern novelists who is bound to make her own public before very long. "Souris" has all those qualities of heart and sentiment which are dear to a large number of novel readers, and indeed rightly so. Souris herself is a delightful person of the quiet, charming, capable school, one, who like charity "believeth all things, endureth all things." In wonderful contrast to this lady of sweet patience and restful soul is her friend, the tempestuous, beautiful Maureen. In Maureen we have one of those fascinating studies of the feminine temperament, seeking the meaning of life and its fulfilment, desiring everything, even to the uttermost farthing, that life has to offer. She is shown to us in the springtide of her youth, in the heyday of passion, finally wrecked and crushed by the aftermath of knowledge and understanding. If "Souris" contained nothing more than this study of Maureen, it would have given us much, but in addition, it contains many lesser character sketches, all of which are cleverly realised. Miss Myddleton writes from her heart, and her descriptions of beautiful things, her scenes in a rose-garden, her vivid pictures of tropical life under the Southern Cross, above all, her understanding of the effect of the vivid wonders of Ceylon upon the sensitive soul of a young girl are bound to make a deep impression upon many readers. There is fine work in this novel, and few who read it but will look forward with interest to further novels from the same pen.

THE COURTSHIP OF ROSAMOND FAYRE. By Bertha Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions.) 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A charming up-to-date love-comedy written with all that vivacity and delightful humour which made the author's first novel, "His Official Fiancée" such a deservedly popular success. Rosamond Fayre is employed as secretary by Eleanor Urquhart, a sedate, serious-minded young lady whose time is monopolised by numerous good works. Among Rosamond's secretarial duties, she is expected to write letters to Eleanor's fiancé, who is abroad and whom Eleanor has never seen. She is amused, though not entirely pleased with her novel occupation, but her vivid personality arouses the young man's interest in his unknown wife-to-be, and he returns home to find himself in the awkward predicament of being engaged to one girl whom he knows and cares nothing about, and in love with another who has sent him love-letters over a forged signature. The unique situation is neatly and cleverly worked out, with many touches of pleasant sentiment and delicate humour. The story is so modern that it takes us to the threshold of the war, and we leave the hero dressed in the khaki uniform that has now become such a familiar and every-day fashion. It is just the book to read in these days; it is full of life and vigour and should prove an excellent antidote for the depressing effects of the war.

The Bookman's Table.

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. Told by Pamela Glenconnor. (The Chiswick Press.)

In this slender volume, the production of which is a delight to the eye, Lady Glenconnor has translated from the French of Bontet de Monvel the story of Joan of Arc. The style of the telling is simplicity itself; but those who have a true touch for a fine and exquisite style will be quick to recognise that the clearness and liquid flow of this Englishing must interpret faithfully the beautiful style of the French. To read this story is not to see through a glass darkly, but to see through a glass lightly, through the clearness of crystal or the clearness of water. Lady Glenconnor has doubtless followed the original in abstaining from any kind of ornamentation. The story is told, as by a contemporary, in a limpid and lucent English. The book is worthy of its subject. A child will understand every word of it, which is as good a test as any other for the grown-up reader when a noble and simple story has to be told.

PROGRESSIVE PORTUGAL. By Ethel C. Hargrove. With Map and 25 Illustrations. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

The genesis of this pleasant book was an invitation from the Socieda de Propaganda sent to and accepted by the Committee of the British International Association of Journalists. It is a bright little guidebook and record of the tour in which Miss Hargrove shared in 1913. The visitors were taken round the most interesting and entertaining places in Portugal, and were given more than a casual glimpse of the real life of the country. Great Britain and Portugal have been good friends since the Commercial Treaty of the thirteenth century, and we have always been willing to observe Edward III.'s royal injunction to his subjects, "never to do no manner of harm to the Portuguese." England and Portugal have co-operated throughout the ages for the general civilisation and growth of the world, and for their mutual interests. Miss Hargrove tells us just why we ought to visit Portugal more than we do. Mont Estoril must be a place of delight where roses grow all the year round. The cities are cheerful and friendly, there are places of natural loveliness, and places of deep historic interest and charm; sport is good — excellent fishing for salmon, for rainbow and yellow trout; for game, hare, partridge, woodcock, wild duck, quail, snipe are plentiful. There are rowing clubs

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in many places, association football was started in 1906, and in 1913 Lisbon had nearly ninety clubs. There is golf (but you must bring your own weapons). Miss Hargrove gives chapters on the folklore, legends, history, education, music and drama, painting, etc., of Portugal, which are informing and readable.

POEMS AND SONNETS. By Herbert Price. (South Africa: E. W. Welch.)

If South Africa has not yet produced any great poetry, it has produced much that is good. Considering the troubled history of the country and how strenuously its people have been occupied down to these present days in the rough work of building their cities and evolving that gracious social order in which the graces of life can breathe and live, it is rather surprising that so much poetry should not only be written, but read there—for apparently the average poet in South Africa has a larger and a readier public than the average poet has in the homeland. Mr. Herbert Price has written a volume of thoughtful and very pleasing verses. The poetical feeling in them is the real thing; they have melody, and occasional charm of phrase; but they are the poetry of a man of culture rather than of an inspired singer, and, except for the three poems in the taal, there is little in them that is distinctively South African. Certain of his lyrics have the true lyrical impulse, but the happiest, most taking of them are the very simple, natural and delightful songs of childhood, notably "Jenny," and "Little Babe, We Love Thee." Mr. Price's more ambitious efforts, for all their strength and sincerity, are somewhat laboured, but, for these spontaneous songs and a handful of other lyrics, his book is well worth reading.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. METHUEN.

A novel by Miss Marjorie Bowen is certain to be a novel with a good plot told in the virile style that has placed this author among the most widely read and most popular writers of the day. Intricate with detail, yet never losing its bold outline, **The Carnival of Florence** (6s.) is intensely interesting throughout, dramatic without being melodramatic; romantic without being sentimental. It is the story of Aprilis, an Italian money-lender's daughter, who, through an indiscreet action, spoils all her chances of matrimony, and is forced to beg a husband, securing one she neither loves nor is loved by. Betrothed to one man, married to another, and in love with a third—such is the unusual and unfortunate position of Aprilis. But the story by no means depends on its love interest for plot, and a powerful character in the book is Savonarola, the reformer, who takes Florence by storm. The glory and downfall of Florence are shown with equal vividness and skill, and the beautiful, tragic city makes a splendid background to an original and engrossing tale.

MESSRS. CASSELL.

The Berlin Court under William II, by Count Axel von Schwering (16s. net) is an intimate study of German Court life, and particularly of the personality of the present Kaiser. The Count would seem to have lived on terms of the closest friendship with his Emperor, and many of his revelations are sensational and startlingly frank. One would like to know how such a document, especially the Count's private diary at the end, came into English hands just now, for the diary discusses all that led up to the war and finishes after the invasion of Belgium. One would like to know also the identity of this Count who knows and reveals so much, and the publishers' reason given for the suppression of his real name, seeing that he is supposed to have committed suicide, shamed by his country's conduct in the war, is not very convincing. Still, the book is uncommonly interesting, and whoever wrote it evidently knows more than most of us of Germany and its ruling caste.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

In the Lands of the Sun—Notes and Memories of a Tour in the East, by H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden, is the record of a visit by Prince William to Siam, British India and Burmah in 1911–1912. The impressions of the author are recorded in a pleasant, gossipy, unassuming manner. The book does not pretend to any profundity, but is well worth reading. It is interesting, as all books about the East are bound to be. The text is illustrated by thirty-two excellent photographs.

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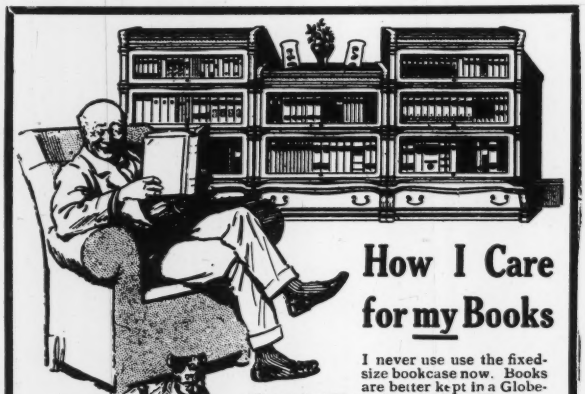

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